DAVID GOES TO BAFFIN LAND

DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

FURY AND HECLA STRAIT
BAFFIN ISLAND
MAGNETIC POLE
ARCTIC
UNKNOWN SHORE
WALRUS
FOX BASIN
LAND WHICH DOESN'T EXIST
CAPE DORCHESTER
FOSSILS
POLAR BEAR
DAVIP SHOOTS CARIBOU
PUTNAM HIGHLAND
BLUE GOOSE
CHORKBAK INLET
MILL IS
CAPE DORSET
AMADJUAK
SEALS
OWL
BIG ISLAND
HUDSON STR
HUDSON BAY
HALF MOON
HENRY HUDSON AND BOY PUT AFLOAT IN SMALL BOAT 1610
LABRADO
0
100
300
500
SCALE OF MILES

David Wanty Albee

CRUISE OF MORRISSEY

David Allen

Dec 25, 27

BY DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

DAVID GOES VOYAGING
DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND
DAVID GOES TO BAFFIN LAND

BY DERIC NUSBAUM

DERIC IN MESA VERDE
DERIC WITH THE INDIANS

BY ROBERT CARVER NORTH

BOB NORTH STARTS EXPLORING

BY BRADFORD WASHBURN

AMONG THE ALPS WITH BRADFORD

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David and His Young Blue Goose.

DAVID GOES TO BAFFIN LAND

BY

DAVID BINNEY PUTNAM

AUTHOR OF "DAVID GOES VOYAGING"
"DAVID GOES TO GREENLAND"

WITH 55 ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND MANY DECORATIONS DRAWN BY THE FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD ARTIST, ALBERT SCHAFFENBERG

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK — LONDON
The Knickerbocker Press
1927

DAVID GOES TO BAFFIN LAND

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by
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This is a copy of the First Edition

G. P. Putnam's Sons

Made in the United States of America

To

"FRANCE"

A GRAND

GRANDMOTHER

FOREWORD

WHILE David was in Baffin Land this summer I was watching Colonel Lindbergh struggle through his famous book "*We.*" As the great pilot turned out page after page of yellow paper in longhand I began to hope that he would grow to like the job and write some more books describing his adventurous career.

One day I asked him about his next book: "How about doing it next winter, Slim?" He's a regular fellow, and likes you to call him by the nickname the airmail pilots gave him because he is so tall.

He laid down his pen and pushed back his

hair in a way that showed he was going to say something very important.

"I'm a flier, not a writer," he snapped. The way he said it meant unmistakably: "Any time you catch me writing any more books, well—you've got to show *some* speed!"

Now it's a secret and I am not supposed to tell it; but just between you and me and the woodpile that's exactly the way David Putnam feels about writing his books.

And, come to think about it, this very morning Dick Byrd (I mean Commander Byrd who flew to the North Pole and across the Atlantic and is going to the South Pole next year) said to me: "Fitz, I'd rather shovel coal any day in the year than write a book!" (Just the same, this winter he's turning out a crackerjack of a book about his life which he has named *Skyward.*)

Now there are two reasons why I speak about Lindbergh and Byrd and David hating to write their books. One reason is that I

want you to sympathize with them and be glad you don't have to write a book; and the other is I want you to realize that all men who have the good luck to make interesting journeys or do interesting things are duty bound to tell the rest of us about their experiences. That is the only way most of us can share in their thrills and pleasures.

Personally, I get still an extra thrill out of reading a book by David, or by his friends Bob North and Deric Nusbaum who have also written books of their adventures. These lads are not yet "on the crest of the hill." I mean they haven't yet gone far enough in life to know what is really going to happen to them; or what they are going to be; or even where they are finally going to live.

So when I read David's book and see his great interest in the Eskimos I begin to wonder if some day he will be a great doctor or lawyer, because doctors and lawyers are especially interested in people. When I see him run-

ning across perilous drift-ice in Fox Basin I wonder if it means he is going to be a daring engineer and put his boldness into railroads or high buildings. Almost every page of his fine book makes me stop and ponder just what each trait in his boy's make-up will mean in a few years when he gets to be a man.

You see, what happens is this. Being a boys seems like a long time while you are in it; I know because twenty-five years ago this week I was yelling at a pack-mule headed up trail for Hallett's glacier in the Rocky Mountains. Then *swish!*—and before you know it you are grown up. And the pack-mules and people and things are all changed into autos and citizens and property. But the funny part of it is that what you have and do and feel as a grown-up is surprisingly close to what you thought out as a boy. In fact, it's still surprising me how true this fact is.

That is why I give David's books to my two boys to read, and then when they've

gone to bed I sneak off and read the books myself. I want to enjoy hearing about David's latest voyage, yes; but I also want to read his *future* out of his story.

What is more mysterious and exciting in life than the future?

If you are still a boy you are a lot better off than I. For by putting yourself in David's boots while you are reading, and seeing if you like what he likes and enjoy what he enjoys, you can tell pretty much then and there how close your coming years will tie up with his. I don't mean you will go on expeditions; not every boy can do that. But the same happy healthy life outdoors is open to every boy these days if only he learns to understand something of the rocks and plants and animals all about him.

Anyway, just remember that tomorrow you and David and the rest of you young fellows have got to run this big country of ours. And you won't run it right if you don't learn to

think straight and act quickly. That's why voyages like David's are good medicine, whether you go on them or only read about them.

FITZHUGH GREEN.

EXPLORERS CLUB,
October 10, 1927,
New York City.

ABOUT THE DRAWINGS

LAST winter a boy just my age wrote to Dad and sent with his letter a picture of me he had drawn. Dad asked the boy—his name is Albert Schaffenberg—to come in and see him. And I know he was awfully pleased to find what good work he could do.

Well, Albert and his twin brother, Otto, saw us off when we sailed north in June. And now Albert had drawn all the decorations for this little book. I like them a lot and think it is great a fourteen-year-old boy, all by himself, has done them.

DAVID.

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DAVID GOES TO BAFFIN LAND

CHAPTER I

NORTH AGAIN

SOME people say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But it certainly hasn't been for me. I was thirteen last year and no boy could have had much more fun.

Last summer I went to Greenland. We were wrecked and practically everything else happened to us in the way of excitements. But it all turned out well and we got about everything in the way of scientific specimens we went up for. Captain Bob Bartlett was the skipper of our little schooner, the *Morrissey*, a Newfoundland fishing vessel he owns.

He was in command of the *Roosevelt*, the ship Peary used in 1909 when he discovered the North Pole. Captain Bob has been nearer the Pole than any white man living, that is to say on his own feet.

The *Morrissey* is about a hundred feet over all, and a fine old fishing vessel which has been pretty well fixed over for making expeditions. There are three cabins and an engine room. The fo'castle has six bunks in which the crew sleep, and the galley, or kitchen, is also there.

In the main cabin, midships, there are twelve bunks, six on each side in a double tier, where most of us sleep. Then in the after cabin there are six more. The Captain, his brother Will, the mate, and Dad, the director of the expedition, sleep there. This year the party includes Professor Gould of the University of Michigan, who is assistant director and in charge of geographical work. That is, making maps and all that, for we hope

A Coast Guard Vessel has a Look at the *Morrissey*.

David, Veteran of Last Year's Greenland Trip, Shows Deric Whither Bound on the Chart.

to do some real exploration in places where white men have never or seldom been.

Donald Cadzow is from the Museum of the American Indian in New York. He is anthropologist, which means that he will study the people we will see, mostly Eskimos, and probably do some archæological work digging up ancient Eskimo houses and getting collections for the Museum. Both Larry Gould and Don sleep in the after cabin. Right away everyone gets to calling each other by their first names.

In all we covered 8,500 miles last year getting to North Greenland and back. We crossed Melville Bay three times, which is pretty close to a record. That's away up north of the Arctic Circle and only about 900 miles from the North Pole. The closest we got to the Pole was about 740 miles. Anyway, Melville Bay usually is full of ice and very hard to cross. We had an exceptionally fine season and had great luck with the ice.

The purpose of that expedition was to collect specimens for the American Museum of Natural History in New York. A complete skeleton of a narwhal had never been brought back to any museum before, and we had the good fortune of getting a whole family, grown up male and female, and two little ones.

A lot of work has been done on the *Morrissey* this spring at Tietjen and Lang's shipyard at Hoboken, where everyone was most awfully nice to Captain Bob and helped him a lot. Now we have a new windlass run by a Palmer engine, to haul up anchor and sails. Before it wasn't so nice to have to climb out of your bunk in the middle of a cold night and go on deck to hoist sail.

We also have a dandy new set of sails that make the *Morrissey* look great. Another fine improvement is a power pump. We certainly would have been thankful for one last year after we were wrecked and had

to do all the pumping by hand, taking two-hour turns pumping every five minutes.

We are taking a big whaleboat beside our old launch, both of them equipped with new Palmer gasolene engines. They certainly would be a great help if by any chance we should get caught in the ice or happened to get parked on some rock up in Fox Basin. It wouldn't be so nice to have to walk home, although sometimes I almost hope we do.

In case we get among whales we have a fine lot of harpoons and a couple of harpoon guns. Also some lances that have about five feet of steel on the end of them. One of the harpoon guns is an old timer. Captain Bartlett got it from a friend up in New Bedford, where he went on a visit with Captain Comer, who is now retired but used to be a whaling captain up in Hudson Bay for years.

This year we expect to go up to the very northern part of Hudson Bay on the west side

of Baffin Island in through Fox Channel. The land up there has been explored very little and in many places it isn't even charted. We are going to try to fill in some of these spots that aren't on the map.

You see, this is being written on the *Morrissey* just after we started, on the way up to Newfoundland and Captain Bartlett's home at Brigus. I'll write this book as we go along, and probably a lot that we start out to do may turn out quite different later on. Anyway, you will sort of be right along with us as we do whatever happens.

Away back in 1631 Captain Luke Fox went in through Hudson Strait in the ship *Charles*. So far as is known that is the only boat that has ever been up there toward Fox Basin with the exception of Eskimo kayaks. A strange thing is that they had twenty men and two boys on the *Charles*. That is just the same as we have on board the *Morrissey* this year on our trip to Fox Basin. The *Charles* is

listed in the old books as 70 or 80 tons. Captain Bob thinks probably she was just about our size. Of course she came over from England.

In 1822 the two boats *Fury* and *Hecla*, commanded by Captain Parry and Captain Lyons, went up the west coast of Fox Basin, right up to the straits at the north end, now called "Fury and Hecla Straits." After they had gone as far as possible they turned back because of ice. No vessel has ever gone through there, and no vessel has ever gone all the way around Baffin Island.

Most of our gang is the same as on the *Morrissey* last year. Bob Peary is chief engineer again, and I "kid" him by saying he is the best engineer the vessel ever had—because she never had an engine before! Bob is the son of the man who discovered the North Pole. Last year he raised a wonderful bright red beard and I guess will try another this trip. He is very husky and awfully handy in getting

around the rigging and doing stunts. Last year he and our cowboy friend Carl Dunrud had the biggest appetites on board. At eating they were about neck and neck. I don't know yet who will compete with Bob this time.

We are all awfully sorry that Carl can't be along this trip. He was dandy in every way. This summer he is out running the Elkhorn ranch in Montana with Ernest Miller. And Art Young, the bow-and-arrow man, also is out west.

The second engineer is Wallace Hawkins. He and Bob have just graduated from Lehigh University and are great pals. Practically all hands are young, the average age on board being twenty-six.

Junius Bird works with the engine too. He has fooled around small boats a lot, but this is his first trip at sea. When we get north he is going to do some botany. He is nineteen years old and lives in Rye, our home. Junius has made a marvelous collection of Indian

things like arrow heads, stone pipes, pottery and skulls, all found around Rye. He is in Columbia University now.

Then comes our carpenter and handy man, Fred Limekiller, who was with us last year in Greenland. He is really the taxidermist, sent by the American Museum of Natural History. Freddie is the shortest man on board, but he certainly can make about anything.

Ed Manley is radio operator this year again. Monroe Barnard is interested in radio, too, and is a real genius at fixing mechanical things. He is the son of George Grey Barnard the sculptor.

My special friend is Deric Nusbaum. This is his first real sea voyage. He lives out in Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado, and has written two books. One is *Deric in Mesa Verde* and the other, which is published this summer, is *Deric with the Indians*.

Deric bunks just below me. We signed up on the ship's papers as cabin boys. He is

just a few months older than I am, but I am the taller. It happens that we both have blue eyes and yellow hair, which always seems to be getting too long.

George Weymouth, from Yale, has been tutoring me for a few months before we left. We are going to try to keep it up during the summer, much to my regret; but I don't know which one of us dislikes the job more. Another Yale man is John Pope. He is a swimmer, but I'm afraid it won't help him much up North.

Peter Heinbecker is surgeon again, and will continue his study of the Eskimos. Maurice Kellermann has the motion picture end again and we certainly hope Kelly gets as fine a picture as he did last year.

When the *Morrissey* was all fixed up at Hoboken she moved over to West 79th Street in New York and stores were loaded. From there she came to Rye, where the expedition really started.

Our two launches were up at Cos Cob which is about ten miles from Rye, at the Spencer Yacht yard, where they were painted after the engines had been installed. When they were finished we sailed them up to Rye and put them on board the *Morrissey*. With the big whale boat, the launch, two dories, two flats and two canoes there isn't much room left on deck. In addition we have about 2000 gallons of fuel oil, and a lot of gas, in drums on deck. A little vessel on a long Arctic journey looks pretty crowded at the start.

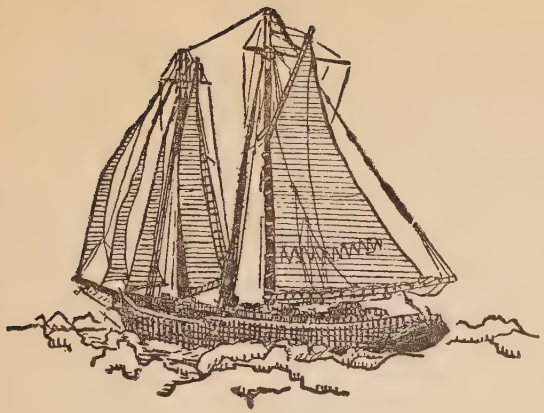
We finally set sail at three o'clock in the morning on Sunday, June 12, after having a lunch party at the American Yacht Club and a very nice send-off dinner at the Milton Point Casino at night. Some engine trouble delayed the sailing.

On our third day out I started taking the wheel which was a thing I wasn't allowed to do last year. On the 17th, we stopped for a while on one of the banks and fished for cod

in fifty fathoms of water. Altogether the gang caught six fine big fish which later tasted mighty good when Billy the cook got done with them.

I forgot to say that Mother came along for the first leg of our journey. She goes as far as Newfoundland, about 1200 miles, and will go back by train from there. Captain Bob and Dad wanted her very much to see just what the *Morrissey* is like, and also to visit the Captain's folks at Brigus, our first stop.

While the others fished, Mother and Barney (Monroe Barnard) and George Weymouth went in swimming. It must have been pretty cold. The temperature of the water was 48, and the air 51. When you swim in Long Island Sound in the summer anything below sixty doesn't feel so good.



CHAPTER II

AT BRIGUS

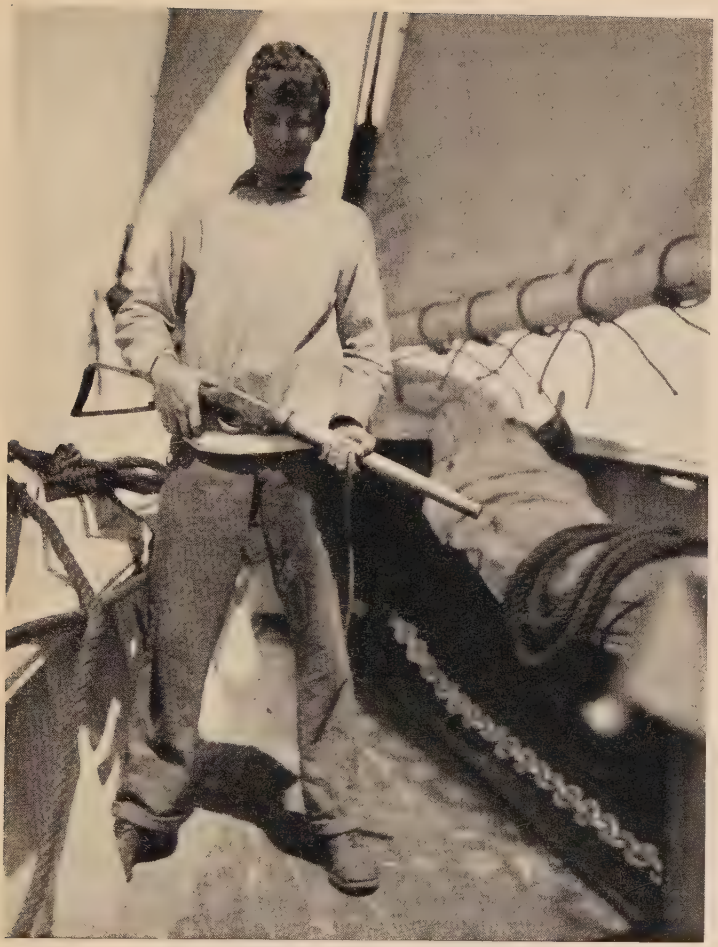
AT about ten-thirty on the morning of June 20th we arrived at Brigus, Newfoundland. Just exactly a year before we had left New York for Greenland on our first voyage on the *Morrissey*. Of course this year things aren't quite as new and unusual as they were then, but on the other hand I know more what it is all about and I guess it really is more fun.

By the way, one hears lots of different ways of pronouncing Newfoundland. The people

here all put the accent on the last syllable, "land," just sort of running the two first syllables in without any accent. Try it. Newfin*land*.

As we passed the little old lighthouse at the entrance of the harbor the keeper fired three shots and hoisted a flag. When we came in there were about all the Bartlett family and perhaps fifty other people at the wharf, to meet us and see the *Morrissey* come home. For she hadn't been back to Brigus since last spring, when Cap'n Bob took her to New York and all the improvements for this expedition work were added.

Old Tom Gushue was there and Jim Percy, both of whom were in our crew last summer. And Captain Bartlett, our captain's father, was the first on board, and we met his nice sisters, Mrs. Angell and Mrs. Dove and Miss Emma Bartlett. Later we met Mrs. Bartlett up at their home which they call "Hawthorn." They certainly are a fine bunch.



With the Whale Gun.

The Boys Look Over Some Shark Fishing Gear.

The first thing they did was to turn over the house to us to clean up. After a voyage there isn't anything much nicer than a bath and hot water, and we certainly did have a famous wash-day. Then they gave us a grand big chicken dinner which of course was very hard to take!

Later on Deric and I went back to the boat. A boy told us that we could go about a hundred yards away and catch some flounders, so Wallace and Deric and I tried our luck. We used one of the harpoons and in quite a short time we had speared thirty-two. When we got back, Junius, who likes to work, said that he would clean them all. We of course did not object to that.

The next day Cap'n Bob's brother-in-law, Fred Angell, came over from St. John's and took us in his car away back in the country to go trout fishing. He and some friends have a dandy shack back in the hills, and first we went there and left some things and then tried

the fishing in a nearby lake or two. Later we motored a long way and tried a couple of streams and had lunch beside one of them. We didn't have much luck but it certainly was a lot of fun.

That evening Mother left for home. She took the funny little train, on a narrow guage track, which takes a full day to go all the way across Newfoundland. To get all the way back to New York took her about four days. Of course I was mighty sorry to have her go, and she was such a good sport on the trip up, I'm sure the gang really would have liked her to keep on with us.

When dark came about nine o'clock Dad showed the motion pictures of last year's trip which seemed to make a big hit. The crew brought their families, and they certainly had a great time, especially Billy Pritchard, the cook, for there was quite a bit of him feeding the Eskimos. The pictures had to be shown twice, there was such a crowd. The kids had

to wait for the second showing, as the little hall just wouldn't hold everyone who wanted to come. Some of the children perhaps hadn't seen a movie before.

St. Johns was discovered in 1497 by John Cabot, and there is a monument beside the harbor entrance called Cabot Tower. Brigus used to be one of the biggest ports for sealers and fishing vessels to start from. That was in the days of sailing ships, before steamers. Also the number of fish and seals caught has fallen off a lot. Anyway, where there were once hundreds of vessels in Conception Bay, today there are hardly any, and Brigus is just a sort of a ghost of what it used to be. It's really quite sad.

Then we started north from Brigus, and early on the morning of the twenty-seventh, after passing all the way along Newfoundland, across the entrance of Belle Isle Straits and up quite a bit along Labrador, we anchored at the tiny settlement of Mokkovik. During that

morning we made a try for brook trout in a fine looking stream at the head of the bay. A little halfbreed boy named Harry went along as guide. He was sixteen but I don't believe he was over four feet tall. Mostly, they are very small.

It was a pretty stream with rapids and pools and everything but trout. At least we didn't get a single rise. Evidently the Labrador trout aren't ready to be caught so early in the season.

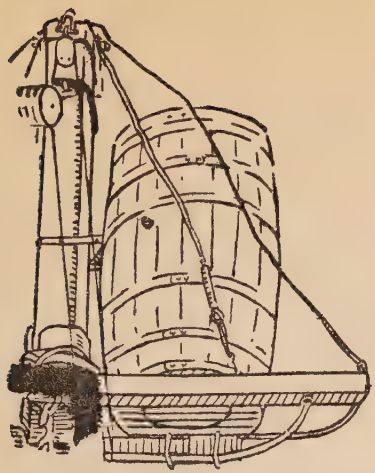
There is a Moravian Mission at Mokkǫvik and a school. Beside that and the church there are about six houses. I thought that it was very interesting to know that the children of these missionaries have to return to their native land to be educated as soon as they have passed their seventh birthday. That certainly is hard on the parents and the children.

During that morning Doctor Heinbecker performed an operation on a sick person, and then we left for Turnavik.

In the Harbor at Turnavik.

At Brigus, Newfoundland.

A Little Clay Pigeon Shooting from the Cabin House. Deric Breaks 'em (Sometimes) while David Performs with the Hand Trap.



CHAPTER III

DOWN THE LABRADOR

TURNAVIK is a little rocky island quite a way off the Labrador Coast, and more than half way up it to the north. There used to be a very important fishing station there operated by Cap'n Bob's father and his grandfather. Now there is only a caretaker living there most of the time, and when we arrived even he was away, over on the mainland, for the fishing season doesn't really start yet.

Now there are about six houses and some fish shacks and wharves, and that's about all. There is a marvelous harbor which is only about six hundred feet long and about three hundred and fifty feet wide with a wonderfully narrow entrance. It is so deep and well protected that even quite large steamers used to come in and tie up to the steep rocky banks. You still can see the big rings, pretty rusty now, used for the hawsers. Will Bartlett told me an interesting thing about the island. The land seems to be rising. So much so that ever since he can remember places where they used to be able to go through with a small boat now are about dry. Professor Gould says this rising of the land is occurring a lot in the country down this way.

At one time Turnavik was a very busy place. Cap'n Bob told me some years they shipped twelve to sixteen thousand quintals of fish. A quintal is 112 pounds. They handled trout and salmon also. Salmon are put up in a unit

called a tierce, which weighs about 300 pounds, and the trout in barrels of 200 pounds. Up here, by the way, when someone says "fish" they always mean cod. If you mean trout or salmon or anything else you must say so or else everyone takes it for granted you are talking about codfish.

Steamers and sailing vessels used to come into Turnavik and take the dried fish all the way to the Mediterranean markets. And in those days two hundred and fifty and more people and crowds of vessels and small boats were busy about the little island all summer, and I guess Captain Bartlett was pretty well the king of that part of the coast.

On June twenty-eight as we worked north along the coast of Labrador, Dad and a bunch of us went out from the *Morrissey* in the small launch, taking along a shot gun and Maurice Kellermann's motion picture outfit. After getting some fine pictures of the vessel winding along at the foot of the rocky hills which rose

up right from the water, we took a short cut back of some islands while the *Morrissey* went outside and around. We went through a pretty shallow tickle which only a small boat could navigate. On the Labrador, you know, they call a small passageway of water a "tickle."

A big bunch of eider ducks flew near us and Kelly brought down four, but as soon as they hit the water they disappeared. We only got one, after a long chase. The twenty gauge gun was most too light for long range work, and hereafter Dad says he will take his dandy new Parker double barrelled twelve gauge. It's a beauty.

That night while I was asleep, near Davis Inlet, they picked up an old timer named Robert Ford, called "Uncle Robert." He's seventy-two years old and was born in Labrador. He was our pilot up to Nain but right off the little town we ran on a bar, luckily at low tide, and spent most of the afternoon there.

With a Stranded Ice Pan for Lunch Table. Left to right: Barnard, Weymouth, Cadzow, Heinbecker, Hawkins, Limekiller, Gould, Manley, David, Putnam, Bird, Deric.

Landing on the Labrador.

Mr. Keats of the Hudson Bay Company and Mr. Hettasch the missionary of Nain came on board for supper. Mr. Keats was very nice and gave me a dandy Hudson Bay dicky made from their famous blanket, and Dad got another of caribou hide, very light and warm and good looking.

From Nain we went to Black Island which is about twenty miles further out where we met up with the first fishing vessel we'd seen since Cape Harrison, a schooner from St. Johns. We anchored there over night and sailed the next morning about four miles or so over to Sculpin Island.

On this island there are supposed to be Norse ruins, which we very much wanted to have at least a look at as we went along north. First we located some interesting old Eskimo graves from which we got a couple of ancient harpoon heads and two soapstone bowls. And just about then Junius located the square stone house ruins that we really wanted to

see. We took very careful measurements, and Larry Gould—that's Professor Gould—made a survey and later drew a map.

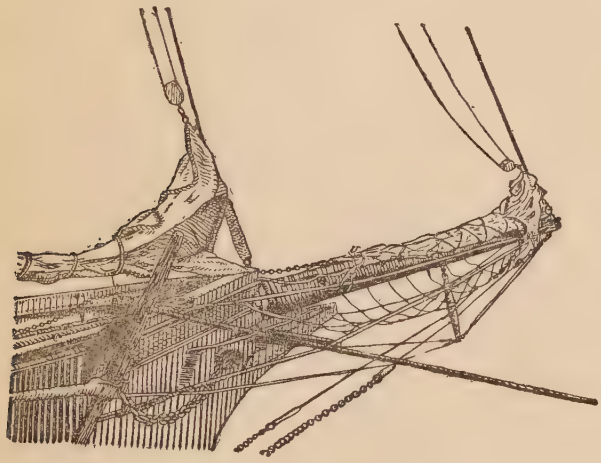
Under the direction of Don Cadzow we dug around pretty well in one of the houses but found nothing. The only find, nearby, was the head of an old hand-made nail, pretty well rusted away. This made it look as though people, probably whalers, had been there a good deal later than the Norsemen. There were twelve houses in the settlement. They were about 12 by 18 feet, all that was left being the walls, the rest having fallen in.

It is believed from the old Norse sagas, or stories, that Lief the Lucky, the son of Eric came over in or around the year 1000, and about a year or two later a man named Thorfinn Karlsfni, both from Greenland. At that time there was a big Norse colony on Greenland, which had been settled from Iceland.

People who study all this believe that what

we now call Labrador was then called by these discoverers Helluland. And it is also believed that they kept on south of Labrador and named what is now the northern part of the United States, "Wineland."

If so that would make them the real discoverers of America about 492 years before Columbus.



CHAPTER IV

INTO THE ICE

ON the Fourth of July we were off Cape Chidley, at the very farthest northern end of Labrador, which is pretty far north for this time of year.

Larry cooked us a dandy ham for dinner and we had candy and cookies and all sorts of good things. It was a lot like a Christmas dinner at home, minus the turkey.

Pretty Christmassy weather, too. The thermometer showed an air temperature of 31 degrees and the water was thirty flat. It even snowed quite a little. We put over some drift bottles, which are special bottles provided by the Government, and they are often picked up and then, by an address and directions

inside, are sent to Washington. There, by looking at the number and comparing with the records sent in by the people who put the bottles overboard, they find out where they came from and can determine how the currents and tides work.

There was heavy pack ice coming out of the Straits at a terrific rate, and the going was pretty hard and slow. All of a sudden, while I was at the wheel with Ralph, the ice closed in all around us and we were "beset," which means blocked up tight in the ice.

The next morning when they started the engine to try and push to a lead of open water not far off, they found that the propeller would only turn around part way and then stop. At first we thought the shaft might be broken, but soon when we could get out on a pan of ice and look down into the water at the stern, we found that the shaft was badly bent. One blade was dented around tight up against the rudder so it couldn't go

around and that made it harder to steer, too.

The ice was jammed in tight around us and we couldn't budge, for a while anyway. So we all got off on "Morrissey Island," a big ice pan, and had a game of football with an old ball I had brought along. It was great fun roughhousing around on the ice, mostly covered with soft new snow, until everyone got pretty well soaked through.

Then we tried a little target shooting, Deric and I had a great time playing around on the small pans, seeing how quickly we could jump from one to the other, and get across on a string of little floating pieces, without getting into the water. We were lucky and never got soaked once.

Later on a lead of open water broke out, or at least started to, and we got out a rope and started "tracking," or pulling the boat along, all hands out on the ice with the rope over our shoulders. In the old days when they had only sail this sort of thing went on nearly

all the time, and the big crews were constantly at work with the sails; for of course it's awfully hard to handle a sailing vessel on the crooked courses through the ice. You can't go very near the wind anyway—which means toward the direction the wind is coming from.

That tracking and all the rest of it was hard work, but lots of fun. It was really our first old-fashioned Arctic experience. When we finally got clear we hoisted all sails and put the whale boat and the launch over to push and help the *Morrissey* go about on another tack when ice blocked her way. That sure was a job. First the jibs would be ordered up, and then down and then up again, and the fore and main sheets were everlastingly being trimmed.

"Po'a'r'rt—Po'a'rrt!"

"Sta-a-a-a-y—St-a-a-a-ay!"

That was Cap'n Bob in the barrel at the foremast head, bawling down orders and conning the vessel along. He'd first yell the

direction he wanted the helm put, and then as the vessel swung over on the right course, he'd yell down to keep her steady, and the man at the wheel would repeat the order. Only they never said "Steady." It sounded about like "Stay."

This continued all day long. We hit all sizes of ice cakes but they didn't do any more than heel us over. One crack knocked the dishes over in the galley.

It snowed all day on the fifth which made things kind of hard to handle. Ropes seemed to be all strewn around the deck; it was wet and cold and there sure was plenty for every one to do.

That night Robert Peary rigged up a beam as a battering ram to hit the propeller, to try to straighten the blade out. But it didn't do an awful lot of good. Next he rigged up a cable which was fastened on to the bent blade and then taken forward and put on the winch. After pulling for quite a while and straighten-

ing the blade somewhat the rope that was attached to the cable broke off with a jerk that threw the loop off the propeller and then of course the cable sank.

The last, best and hardest way was to take the *Morrissey* ashore and beach her. For the next five days we tried to edge her into the land through the very heavy, thick pack ice which was constantly moving south and taking us with it.

To make matters worse all day on the sixth it blew a northeast gale and as the ice far out evidently cleared away the swell began to roll in, tearing up the pans and making things pretty uncomfortable and just a bit dangerous.

Twice we got within a half mile of the clear water (which would have let us get into shore) and then the ice closed tightly around us. We made the best of these times by overhauling the engines and straightening the propellers of the two launches which had got badly banged up in the ice.

When a lead opened up the launches were put under her stern and the ones who weren't watching a halyard or poling were put out on the ice at her bow pulling on a rope or pushing her bow over across the pans in the way. All during this Cap'n Bob was in the crow's-nest giving orders as to which way we were to go.

Finally after being in the ice for six days without the use of a propeller we got to the edge into open water. Just about as we got out it became very squally. But between times there was little wind, and, towing the launch, the whaleboat was lashed under the quarter and was helping push her along. Deric and I got into the whaleboat to give weight aft and keep the propeller deep in the water. Wallace and George were there too, and as it got windier and rougher every other wave splashed us pretty well.

Then suddenly the painter at the bow of the whaleboat broke and we swung hard around,

Playing Football on the Ice when the *Morrissey* was Frozen in.

"We had a Great Time Playing Around on the Small Pans."

coming very near tipping over. Then we swung astern, towed by the other line which was fast to the whaleboat's stern. George grabbed an axe and ran aft and cut the rope. In another minute we were floating out in a rough sea, with the wind rising and the *Morrissey* bowling along, close hauled to windward. She couldn't stop for us, in such a wind, because there were pot rocks around and it would have been really dangerous.

We tried to catch her on the next beat but missed her by about fifty yards. They pointed toward shore so we headed up into the wind, which was off the land, and started pumping.

The spray came in pretty fast and it sure soaked us, even through oilskins. The water would drain down your neck and the wind would blow more through the button holes and opening in the front. The whaleboat is twenty-four feet long. When about eight or nine feet came up in the air and then slapped

down hard on the next wave, it would bounce you two or three inches off the thwart, and certainly shake you up plenty.

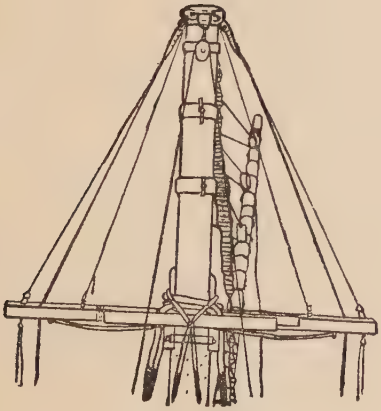
The willy-waws, or squalls, blowing down from the mountain sides, were very frequent and they seemed to get much colder. Often they blew so hard it actually lifted the surface right off the water and carried it along through the air in a sort of cloud of spray.

We were soaked to the skin and so cold that we could hardly move our fingers enough to undo our coats when we finally landed on a small rocky beach. While George and Wallace fooled with the engine Deric and I made a little rough house of beach stones, and later the other two came and we all lay down behind our windbreak to keep warm.

Finally after some argument we decided to take a chance and go back to the *Morrissey* which apparently had gone into a fjord some miles north of us. After a very rough trip, in which we got soaked all over again, we reached

the vessel which was anchored in the lee of a point.

Once on board we found that Dad had gone out with Peary and Junius to look for us, fearing our engine might have broken down or our gas given out. That made me pretty scared because it really was very rough for so small a boat. When they finally got back I found they had broken a plank out of the floor boards in order to bail the water out easier.



CHAPTER V

THE FOUR PEAKS

THE next morning we went up into a fjord near the "Four Peaks" to beach the *Morrissey*. It was squally for three days so they couldn't do a thing in the way of fixing her. Don, Deric, Ed and I went on a hike around a nearby mountain. We saw tracks of caribou but no recent ones. On the way back I shot three ducks with my little Remington twenty-two rifle which I took along because it is so light and handy.

Landing a Sea Trout in Meraco Canyon.

In the Four Peaks Country, Labrador.

Dad and Larry Gould went out in the little Meraco Hunter which is a light small boat, a bit broader and heavier than a canoe and most awfully seaworthy and handy all around. It has air chambers, too, and is nonsinkable. With the Johnson outboard motor it moves right along with a good load and two people.

After they had been gone one night they came back and told us there was a big lake and a very interesting canyon with loads of big trout swimming up it. They had been working on a sketch map of the lake, and Dad had named it James B. Ford lake, in honor of Commodore Ford, president of the Explorer's club and a great friend of Cap'n Bob's. The canyon they called Meraco Canyon, and the second big lake behind it, further inland, they named Kenney Lake, for Mr. W. F. Kenney, who had helped the expedition.

Even though it already was pretty late at night they had the Oldtown canoe put over and the camera things and supplies put in it

and were all ready to start off when Dad asked me if I wanted to go along. It didn't take me long to answer and jump in the canoe.

Right away we had our troubles. The big lake we were headed for has a tide-water connection with the bay we were anchored in. You can get through only at high tide, for about an hour when the water is high. Well, when we got there, about nine-thirty at night, the tide had fallen. So we had to unload everything and portage the canoe and Meraco across the strip of slippery rocks, and then load them up again and get going.

That ride up Ford Lake that night was really pretty wonderful. A full moon came up on the west and the sky was all sunset colors to the east. The mountains rose straight up out of the water most all around the lake, with much snow on their higher slopes. Some of them got as high as six and even seven thousand feet, and I read that right here is the grandest mountain scenery to

be found on the entire length of the Atlantic Coast all the way from Baffin Land to Cape Horn. At least we were lucky to be delayed in such an interesting and beautiful place.

At about midnight we reached the canyon camp. It was just a sort of dusk, not exactly dark but about like the hour after sunset in the summer. And a couple of hours later the sun rose again. We put up the little tent and I turned into my sleeping bag for a bit of rest. Dad and Kellermann stayed up and cooked some cornmeal and coffee. Dad was pretty hungry, having been going for the past twenty-four hours, solid. And he stayed up until the next night. That's the way you seem to do up here, with the long days—work your head off when there are interesting things to do, and then make up the sleep later on.

At three in the morning, bright sunlight, they called me and I put my shoes on and went down to the water where the boats were. I

could plainly hear the roar of the falls about a mile up the canyon.

While Kellermann and Ed Manley went up to look at the falls and plan their motion pictures Dad and I rowed up the current as far as possible to fish. We held the Meraco still with an anchor, and then tried the fish, many of which we could see below us in the clear water. They wouldn't take flies at all, but we had pretty good luck with a small spinner with a fly attached.

I was using Dad's new Thomas salmon rod and had a lot of fun even with the three pounders, for it would bend in fine style and you could play the fish. Of course we both wished we had brought the new very light $3\frac{5}{8}$ ounce rod Mr. Thomas had made for Dad and which is about the nicest I have ever handled. I think these sea trout are about the gamest kind of trout. They certainly put up a grand fight. After catching a few and throwing a good many back we returned

Tracking the *Morrissey* Through the Pack.

Captain Bartlett and Professor Gould with the Sun Compass.

to camp and had breakfast. Later I helped pack the camera stuff around.

The falls in Meraco Canyon are very pretty. There are three main falls and they drop, in all, about 120 feet. The canyon itself is about a mile and a quarter long, and its sides are just about straight up-and-down walls of rock.

Late in the afternoon we started back and reached the *Morrissey* around seven o'clock. They told us about great fun they had had the night before catching big sea trout in tide water pools on an island near the vessel. So we decided to go there later when it was a bit darker and get some more fish, which we needed for eating, and also make a motion picture with flares.

It was loads of fun. We had gaffs and Junius had an Eskimo harpoon which he had made for himself. We herded all the fish we could into one pool and then blocked up the entrances so they could not get out again.

Then, when Kelly was ready to take the pictures, they lit some flares which lighted up the whole place about like sunlight. That helped a lot and we went to it.

It was really exciting to see big two- and three-pound trout shooting about between and over your feet as you stumbled about in the water and slid around on the slippery rocks. As fast as we could catch them with either our hands or the gaffs we would throw them out in a pile.

The water was about up to our knees, but several of the gang got bad spills and floundered in over their boot tops. Whenever a flare was lit the fish would just tear around and bump against our legs and the rocks and the sides of the pool. When they got near the edge and in a good place we would grab them and fling them out. The next day a fine barrel of fish was salted down, which helped a lot, as we had had pretty poor luck thus far in getting ducks or fish, and the gang ate an awful lot.

The last day Deric and I went with Kellermann and some others to take pictures up in the hills. Up on top of a saddle where we had lunch the wind was nearly strong enough to lean against. Lots of times when I stepped from one rock to another the wind would blow me off my balance and I would fall down.

On the way up we passed quite a good-sized lake with ice on it. This fresh water ice seemed to be made of crystals about the size of a fountain pen, all frozen together. It gave me a funny sensation when I walked on it, as it bent way down and I could even push off the sides of the pan I was on without hitting it hard at all. About the best fun was sliding down snow slopes. It's pretty wet where you sit down, but you certainly can go fast and get a great kick out of it.

While we were away they had finished the job on the *Morrissey*. They got her stern up on a steep beach at high tide, and then worked on her when the water fell. The shaft was

badly bent. So they hauled the old shaft out and put in the extra one we had brought along, and also a new propeller. It was a pretty big job, and mighty hard to do there on the beach with no help. Also most everything on deck had to be shifted to put the bow down and let the stern up.

After three days' continuous work it was all done and the old *Morrissey* was as good as ever. And on the fourteenth of July we started north again, trying to get up to Hudson Strait.

CHAPTER VI

INTO HUDSON STRAIT

FOR some days after leaving the Four Peaks country on the Labrador we were back at the old game, bucking around in the ice and trying to get on to Hudson Strait. Finally, on July 17, we got along by Resolution Island, a big island just at the north side of the entrance.

Dad told me something about the discovery of the Bay by Henry Hudson in 1610. He came up here the year after he discovered the Hudson River where New York now is. After a pretty hard time in the Bay his crew mutinied and he and his son were put adrift in a small boat and were never heard from again.

But it was George Weymouth in 1602 who probably first really entered Hudson Strait. It's funny that we have a George Weymouth on board. Luke Foxe came along in 1631 and went a little way up the west coast of Baffin Island where we hope to go, and there was Parry and Lyon in 1821. Mostly in the old days they were looking for a Northwest Passage across what we know now as Canada through which they could get by sea to the Pacific and China. A long time later, in 1853, Robert McClure actually discovered this passage, but he did not get his ship through, as the water north of America is mostly frozen up solid about all the time. But in 1902 Amundsen, the same man who flew in the dirigible over the North Pole last year, got his little ship called the *Gjoa* across.

Just as we got out of the ice near Resolution Island we saw some great tide rips. The current swung the *Morrissey* around two or

three times even with the wheel hard over in the opposite direction. On the chart they call this place an "overfall," which is a sort of exaggerated tide rip where the water actually seems to pour over like a rapids. It was a lot like Hell Gate near New York harbor on a bigger scale.

All about off Resolution Island there are strong currents that run five knots and more. A "knot" is a nautical mile which is 6080 feet long.

The day after we passed the island it was quite rough. The sea certainly can kick up a lot in the Straits. We called it Blue Monday because nearly everyone was seasick or at least had pretty high symptoms. Besides being rough it rained and hailed which, with a gale, made things pretty uncomfortable.

Big Island is about a hundred and seventy miles west of Resolution Island, and by the time we reached there I was quite willing to

get ashore and walk around. I took my Remington "*22*" rifle and box of cleanbore ammunition and started out.

There seemed to be a good many hare around so I tried to keep my eyes open. But as luck would be, just as I started to rise up from getting a drink at a little pond a big Arctic hare jumped up from some rocks not fifty feet away and started off at a pace I didn't wish to follow. Knowing that these hare sometimes seem to go in circles when they are curious and a little frightened, I started off to the right of the direction he had taken.

After searching for about half an hour I finally climbed to the top of a ridge and saw my hare going as fast as he could in the opposite direction. I had taken the right so apparently he decided that the left was better. Later I did the same thing with another hare and it resulted in a little better luck. Not with that particular hare, but I stirred

up an Arctic White Owl, a beautiful big snow-white bird I'd seen before at a distance but never been close to.

I followed that owl for about a mile and a half. Finally at perhaps 200 yards I took a shot, and missed. But I think some splinters of rock or lead hit him when the bullet ricochetted, for he stopped still on a rocky knoll. I circled the knoll and crept up pretty close on my hands and knees. It certainly is strange how an owl can turn its head around in all directions as though it were just pivotted. Without moving its body that old owl just swung its head and those strange big eyes all the way around and looked at me.

I took a piece of marlin out of my pocket and made a noose. Coming in close I knocked the poor old bird over with a piece of sod and put the noose over its two feet which were in the air waiting for a hand or leg to be thrust a little closer, to grab.

I wanted to take him back as little injured

as possible. So I put my jacket on the ground and laid Mr. Owl on it. After making a nice bundle I started back to the ship with my prize. On the way I shot a ptarmigan, or "wild pemmican" as Doc called them last year in Greenland. Later on Fred Lime-killer skinned the owl beautifully and I hope to have him mounted for my collection.

On either side of Ashe Harbor, where we were anchored on Big Island, there are beacons made of wood, and right abeam of our anchorage there were the ruins of an old white man's house. Some surveying work was done here quite a long time ago.

There is a tide which rises about thirty feet in Ashe Harbor. At low tide it is quite strange to see pieces of ice, that at high tide seem to be just little pans, stranded away up on the beach, some of them being half the size of the *Morrissey*. At the high water mark there is ice that was frozen there in the winter and has not yet melted or been washed

The Arctic Owl of Big Island.

Chewing her Husband's Shoes to Make the Leather Soft.

Two Baffin Island Youngsters.

away. When the tide is at its lowest it leaves this wall of ice all around the bay, hanging to the rocky shores, often sticking away out into the water, and stretched all around like a great thick white ribbon. It's called an "ice foot."

Dad and some others went out in the launch to shoot ducks. Ed Manley, I think, should be put down in the records. A bunch of ducks flew by and he said, "I will shoot the one on the far left." Then he picked up a 22 and shot that duck right through the neck! Of course he didn't try another shot.

Later on I went out with Don and a couple of others, and we got five more ducks to add to the grub collection. It takes a lot of food to keep a big gang like ours going. I also shot a bay seal in the head but he disappeared before we could get him.

We made good time with a fair wind on the run up from Big Island. There was fog and it was pretty hard to tell where we were. As

we worked in shore there were a great many little islands, all looking about the same, and shoals all about. So the Captain decided to anchor and we sent the launch out to try to locate where we were and to find the way to Amadjuak. It left about eleven o'clock that night and didn't get back until more than twelve hours later, having actually got into Amadjuak.

Well, when I woke up the next morning and looked up at the skylight there were some Eskimos looking down through into the cabin. Pretty soon I was on deck having a "talk" with them and especially looking at some caribou skins. After breakfast three of us and some Eskimos went over to a little cove that was frozen over and stalked some seal. I shot first and killed one but that scared all the others. Two huskies and I went out on the ice very quietly, as the seals can hear very well and we hoped the others might come back. We got my seal and then

waited for some to come to a bobbing hole, as they call the hole through the ice where the seals are apt to come up.

In a few minutes one stuck his head up through the ice not far off. My Eskimo friend shot it right in the head—they are certainly fine marksmen, almost all of them. Right away we jumped up and ran to the hole to grab him before he sank, for dead seals almost always sink at once.

Later we returned to the ship which was anchored near a rocky island. And about then the launch came back, bringing Mr. David Wark who is in charge of the Hudson Bay post at Amadjuak. He is from Scotland, like most of the H. B. C. men, and he and his assistant Mr. Campbell had quite a visit with us. One thing was nice. We were able to send a radio message for them right through to England, where it was telegraphed to their home in Aberdeen.

The *Morrissey* did not go in to Amadjuak

but anchored out at a summer settlement about a dozen miles out, where a lot of natives were camping and hunting. These Eskimos are different in their habits from those of Greenland. There they have pretty regular places where they live. They make permanent houses or winter igloos of rock and sod, where they spend the winters, and in the summer establish camps, often quite near by, in tupiks, or skin tents.

But these Hudson Bay Eskimos move about a lot more. They are nomadic. They do not make permanent houses, but in the winter, we are told, just build igloos of snow. In the summer they live mostly in light tents, either near the posts or out at different places where they move about hunting. Generally they are on the move most all the time.

At the place where we anchored I got two dandy kayaks, one for myself and the other for the native that we were taking with us. I don't think the kayaks are quite as good look-

ing or well made as those of Greenland, but they are easier for a white man to use. One thing, the hole where you sit—the cockpit—is larger, and the space between the "deck" and the bottom is higher, so there is place for your feet. The Eskimos are mostly little people, and I had a lot of trouble finding a kayak big enough for me last year.

Up in Greenland a lot of the natives are good at real stunts in the kayaks. Those who read my book, *David Goes to Greenland*, remember about the Eskimos turning over in the kayaks, and how Bob Peary tried to do it. Well, down here we did not find a single man who could do that. I guess they really are more of a land people in this region.

The next day we went in to the trading station at Amadjuak in the whaleboat. There is just a little group of buildings, including a store, the house of the white men, and another small building. They are at the head of a deep bay, with steep rocky hills rising

behind. Along the beach are a few tents of the Eskimos who happen to be staying there.

We had lunch with Mr. Wark and Mr. Campbell. Their cook is an old Eskimo woman they call Fairy. We had some of Fairy's biscuits, which they called sinkers. They certainly were.

After trying to net some sea trout at the mouth of a stream we started back in the whaleboat, picking up Don Cadzow and Deric, who had been left at the site of some old Eskimo house ruins a few miles away. They had dug all day and had a fair collection, but the ruins were not nearly so old as we had thought from what the people told us.

That night out at the island the Eskimos staged quite a dance, and Kelly got some funny pictures, using flares. It was light for a long time first and I had great fun fooling around in my kayak and we also pumped up our Airaft, the little rubber boat affair, and went to sea in it. Mostly Deric was

skipper of the Airaft which worked finely and made a wonderful hit with the huskies who of course never had seen anything like it. Every kid in the settlement wanted a ride in the strange white man's boat.

And the next day we started for Cape Dorset, up at the western end of Hudson Strait, on the north shore, where there is a Hudson Bay Post.

CHAPTER VII

POLAR BEARS

IN the evening on the way to Dorset we ran into a bunch of about twelve walrus. We drew lots to see who would go out in the little Meraco boat with Dad. Deric and John drew the two slips with "X" on them. While they rowed and paddled quietly over toward the big pan where the animals lay sleeping, the *Morrissey* drifted around in the ice. From the crow's nest we could see the little boat draw near the herd, one of whom every once in a while would stick his head up and look around. Even at a distance we could hear them grunting—it sounded a bit as if they were snoring.

Then the guns banged and we went over.

They had got quite close and hit several, but a walrus is hard to kill and all but one made off. This one, a big bull, was wounded and stayed around close to a pan of ice. They did not shoot it, but waited for us to come up and harpoon it, as otherwise the body would simply sink. And after all we lost this animal and got none at all. Later on, up in Foxe Basin, they got quite a few.

When we were right off Cape Dorset the Eskimo Avalisha from Amadjuak saw an Eskimo boat in near the shore. It had its sails up and apparently was trying to come out to us, but the wind was dead against it. So the launch went in and towed them out.

There was a big family of them, evidently moving, with dogs and children and meat and skins all piled in to the whaleboat. They were delighted to come aboard and at once had a fine feed of cornmeal mush and general odds and ends fixed up by Billy the cook. We were then piloted in to Dorset by a tiny

man who seemed to be the chief of that particular group.

When we rounded the entrance of the harbor we were met by the Hudson Bay launch, with Mr. and Mrs. Ewing and Mr. McBride, Mr. Ewing's assistant. Mrs. Ewing was the first white woman we had seen for a long time. They come from St. Johns, Newfoundland, and of course they and Captain Bartlett know lots of the same people.

They had been expecting the supply ship, the *Nascopie*, for some days, but when they saw a small schooner they were very much surprised. They, and their interpreter, had supper with us.

The next morning I gathered up some walrus teeth for souvenirs, and later I went in my kayak across the bay to some tents. I got a boy to sit in the kayak and keep it off the rocks and then I went "up town" and entered one of the larger tents. Luckily I met a huskie there who had been on the ship

and who seemed to have taken a fancy to me. Anyway, he was awfully nice. He offered me some toggles off a dog harness, which I accepted with great pleasure. Of course I gave him stuff he wanted in exchange. They all love tobacco.

After quite a talk I asked him whether he had any snow glasses. He said "Agguy," which means "No." Then he picked up a piece of wood and got out his knife. Later on when I returned to his tent he was just finishing a dandy pair of "glasses" whittled out of the wood. He handled that pocket knife wonderfully, working out the curve that fits the forehead and the holes or slits for the eyes, beautifully. They are great at doing things with their hands, these Eskimos.

While there I happened to go out for some air and to see whether it had stopped raining. Looking over at the water I saw a white whale not twenty yards off shore. I ran back to the tent and called "Kililua ka-ka toi yoi,"

meaning—"White whale come on hurry up."

My Eskimo friend jumped up, grabbed his gun and ran to the shore. I ran down and jumped into my kayak, but sadly enough there was no harpoon in it. I had got one from this Eskimo the day before and he had not yet had time to make a new one. So both of us were without one just then when we really wanted it.

So I paddled out to the *Morrissey* as fast as I could go and brought back the harpoon and float. It was pretty rough and the little craft shipped quite a bit of water. I was in such a hurry that I managed to cut my finger on the harpoon head and also nearly tipped over while I was blowing up the float, which you know is a seal skin which you inflate with your breath and then stick a piece of wood into the hole you blow in.

And after all we didn't get the whale. It had been killed at the first shot but sank right away, and I wasn't quick enough getting

back. A white whale is about ten to fifteen feet long. When I first saw this one I thought it was an "ugsug" or big bearded seal. Later on Fred, up at Cape Dorset, got a complete skeleton of a white whale.

That same night the Hudson Bay Company launch, the *Mitik*, came out to get Doc, Don and Freddie's food and supplies and clothing. They plan to stay here until we get back probably in about six weeks. Don will get specimens of native clothing, implements and the like, and excavate old houses for archæological finds, for the Museum of the American Indian in New York. Doc will make medical studies and measurements and tests of the Eskimos, his report to go to the National Research Council. And Fred will do collecting of animals for the American Museum of Natural History.

Don had a big wall tent which was put up just in back of the supply store of the Company, and they also were able to store stuff in

the back room of this building. It was very foggy so we could not get out that night.

When I awoke the next morning expecting to go ashore to say good-bye I found out that we had up anchored and sailed very early and already were well up the coast toward the mouth of Fox Channel. After we had gone thirty miles or so the ice began to close in toward the land. About twenty miles off shore is an island which in 1615 was named Mill Island by William Baffin because there were, and are, big "mill races" around the shores where terrible tides are constantly rushing the ice about.

As the ice blocked our way north, at least for just then, we went out to this island. Luckily we hit a fine anchorage in a deep bay which we later named "Morrissey Harbor." On the first night there the whale boat set out on a sort of trial trip for the bigger one they hoped to make later on. The next night they came back with great stories of big tide

"Twice He Bit Through the Rope."

Getting the Big Bear into the Whaleboat.

rips and currents that raftered the ice up in huge piles along the shore.

Junius and Deric had found two old Eskimo ruins while Avalisha and I were out seal hunting in the kayaks. The next morning the three of us went ashore to dig. We sure found some dandy stuff, old harpoon heads, stone knives, etchings on bone, a tiny model of a bear made out of ivory, some pieces of flint and skin scrapers and needles. On some pieces of bone and ivory we found very distinct cuttings that had been made perhaps 1500 years ago with stone knives. The ivory dug up was a very creamy yellow. We think these ancient houses belong to the Thule period.

In places the ground was frozen solid, so we couldn't dig out a good many rocks and flag stones. The two houses seemed to be joined by a platform which was flat like a bed but perhaps was used as a kind of store room for the people in both houses.

When I was out kayaking for seal I went ashore at several different places. On one beach I found a huge whale jaw and other parts which the old-time huskies had killed with harpoons and lances. (You know, on this coast the Eskimos are called "huskies"). That whale must have been at least sixty feet long. Just to think of the Eskimos, in their little tiny kayaks made of sealskin, going out after an animal that with just an accidental flip of its tail could kill them all! That certainly seemed to me a great thing, especially when I saw some of the implements used for the job. When ashore I also found three or four pretty good fossils.

The same morning that we did the digging the whaleboat expedition set out again to go back to the place where the tide moved the ice about, to get motion pictures. They had one or two close calls in the ice where two packs came together from different directions around a point and piled up on one another.

When they were pretty nearly caught between two packs which were moving at about five knots, they made a dash for a little harbor and got in out of trouble.

While they were finishing lunch on the boat, at anchor, Kavaoo (we later pretty generally called him just "Joe") was wandering around on shore, looking at the ice with his glasses from a hill. All at once he came rushing to the boat and called out "Nanookshoa," meaning a big bear.

Robert Peary (we got to calling him "Rufus") and Johnny Pope, who both had revolvers, wanted to go after it, out on the moving ice. They shoved off at once, jumping from one pan to another, and having some pretty exciting going, I guess, where the tide swirled the cakes along and open water came between. They took seal "bats," the short gaff-like hook the sealers use, which is a great help in getting along on the ice. It has a point and a hook, so that you can pull ice

toward you and catch hold, as well as push and use the straight point to keep from slipping.

When the men got close old Nanook saw them and took to the water. By this time Dad on shore could not see Bob and John, because they were entirely covered with fog. I imagine it was pretty risky going out there in the tide and in the fog. However, it came out all right.

They ran up pretty close to the bear and used the revolvers on him. After a bit the bear decided to see what he could do about this nonsense, and commenced to climb out on the same small pan of ice where Bob and John were. When a bullet finally stopped him they said he was only a very few feet away, and slid off into the water.

It was impossible to pull the heavy body up on the ice, so they fastened a belt at his head and pulled him along in the water from one pan to another toward an island which they

John Pope and the Bear He and Bob Peary Killed with Their Revolvers.

Visiting Eskimos Enjoy One of Billy's "Hand-outs" on the *Morrissey*.

could see through the fog. Luckily the tide helped them and they managed to get the bear on shore. Only a very little while later all that ice they had been on moved along in the current and quite went out of sight. It wouldn't have been so good if they had been on it.

Later Dad paddled over in the *Meraco*, finding the island through the fog by the shots they fired. It happened that the whaleboat itself was caught in the ice in the little harbor, and he was afraid that the boys, whom he could not see in the fog, might be drifting away. Later they got the boat out and all hands camped near where the bear had been towed, and in the morning they managed to get him on board the whaleboat.

When the boat came back we wondered what made it seem so low in the water. They came right alongside before they took the tarp off with which they had covered him. It was an old bear with many teeth broken,

lots of scars on his head and a big tear in his lower lip, most likely made by another bear in a fight a good many years ago.

Our luck with walrus and seals was pretty poor. But we did have some with bears, although not nearly as good as we had rather expected in this region. As a matter of fact the hunting was very disappointing. We'd expected great things from the Hudson Bay country, but it didn't work out well at all.

Several days after we had left Mill Island and were heading up along the shore of Fox Channel, Captain Bob spied another bear from the crow's nest, where he was perched guiding the vessel through the ice. It was just about six-thirty in the morning when I heard Arthur telling Peary there was a bear in sight. I don't believe I really woke up, but in a few minutes I was out of that bunk and dressed and on deck. As soon as I saw the bear ahead I really woke up and at once

found I was very cold. So I went below and put on my koolitah or shirt of caribou.

After a while Dad and Johnny started out in the *Meraco* to rope the bear. That didn't work, although they got awful close to him. Then they tried the launch, which was easier to handle, and Kellermann went out in it and got a lot of fine pictures.

They roped the bear and towed him back to the *Morrissey*, after some fine tussles where the bear pulled out of the water and half climbed up on the ice. Twice he broke the rope and nearly got away. There was some great roaring and snorting, and several times he was just about in the launch. Then, as the fog was coming in and the ice was too close for comfort, it seemed best to finish things.

It was quite a different thing last year when we hoisted the two bear cubs on deck. This time it was a full-grown bear. While they were trying to get the sling under his "armpits" the bear pretty nearly got at

Junius, in the stern of the launch. Finally he was hoisted on board, but things got so lively and he did so much damage so quickly that he had to be shot. He tore the old foresail and bit a big piece right out of the fore gaff. I was really sorry that we had brought him on board. It would have been better, I think, just to turn him loose. However, things got too lively to do that, then.

After a couple of days working around in the fog, with ice mostly about us, we got up the shore of Fox Channel as far as Cape Dorchester, which is the beginning of Fox Basin. It is about the furthest north Luke Fox got in 1631. And it was from there that our whaleboat expedition started.

CHAPTER VIII

OFF IN THE WHALEBOAT

THE day before they started out in the whaleboat Dad told me I could go. At the last minute the plans were changed around a bit, because there was trouble with the engine on board the *Morrissey* and it seemed best for Peary to stay on board, as he was chief engineer, instead of going on the small boat trip as was first intended.

It was hard to know whether I really wanted to leave the *Morrissey* and of course I knew it might be a pretty hard trip. But as it was the biggest bit of real exploring we would get this summer I told Dad he'd better take me along. I was the only boy. I know Dad wanted to take Deric, but there just

wasn't room enough. As it was, the little whaleboat was pretty well crowded. There were seven of us altogether, Larry Gould, George Weymouth, John Pope, Monroe Barnard, the Eskimo Avalisha, Dad and myself.

We planned to go around from Cape Dorchester as far as we could get up the west coast of Baffin Island. No one ever had been along that stretch of coast, at least as far as the mouth of the Kokjuak River. A couple of white men had come out from the lakes, down that river. One of them was last year, a Canadian named Mr. Soper; and back in 1911 a man named Hantsch had come through that way. The latter died further up on the coast.

And beyond that point there is just about nothing known about the west coast of the Island, as white men never have been there. We had rather hoped to get the vessel up there quite a way, but as things worked out with the bad weather and delays, it was too late to try that.

I think that up to Mill Island we have had only one completely sunny day. Even on days when there has been some sun, they began or ended with fog or rain. But as we came to understand, Baffin Island seems to be the place where they really make bad weather and about nothing else. In thirty days away from the *Morrissey* we had only three really fine days, with rain or fog, or both, and gales, on every other one. Often it rained and blew hard for three solid days. That doesn't make it very pleasant moving along an unknown coast in a little open boat, and making wet camps in two tiny tents ashore.

It really turned out to be a pretty rough hard trip, but lots of fun at that. Anyway, if you're interested in exploring you might as well get used to it, because all trips can't be easy.

The whaleboat is twenty-four feet long and has a ten horsepower Palmer "Husky" engine

in it, which did wonderful work. "Rufus" Peary fixed a dandy spray hood in the bow which sure was great later on when it rained and was rough. This was a canvas covering that went over the fore part of the boat like a tent, from the very bow about half way aft. It was stretched tight over a long oar, one end of which was made fast right in the bow, the aft end held up by an upright post about three and a half feet high rigged into a thwart. The sides were lashed down tight along the bulwarks.

It made a good place to store some of the stuff up forward, and three of us could sleep in there pretty comfortably on boards rigged up fore-and-aft along on top of the thwarts or cross-seats. One night six of us had to crowd in, which was not so good. The result was a bit like a line play on the football field —all hands got pretty well piled up.

Things began to happen promptly after we got under way. As we rounded the sec-

ond long low point it was low tide and great fields of big chunks of ice were aground on the shoals and tide flats. There were terrible currents and tide rips all along the shore which, even though they were going in the same direction we were, made it very hard to steer clear of the ice and get by the rocks. It really was pretty dangerous racing along there close to shore. And we couldn't go further out, because there the way was blocked with solid fields of big ice.

At one time we were carried into a regular rapids, very shoal. We put the engine into full speed astern but the tide had the best of us and we were swirled right up under the edge of a big piece of ice, a "growler" or small berg grounded on a shoal. If the ice had tipped over or a chunk broken off there wouldn't have been any more whaleboat because we were absolutely under the ledge which stuck out right over us so that we couldn't stand in the boat. And we were

jammed in there tight by the current which had swept us down, with mighty little water on either side.

But of course it came out all right. It mostly does. We let down the spray hood and managed to push out after a bit, although we did ship a bit of water over the gunwale, the boat had to be tipped over so far. Anyway, the next day we had a pretty good run, except for rain at night.

The shore is awfully low. From a little way out it seems nothing more than a thin dark ribbon. Along there it's practically all rock with some mud flats around the heads of the bays. With the many capes, these bays make the coast look like the cutting edge of a saw.

During the first part of the journey there was lots of ice. Huge fields of very old, dirty ice, reaching for miles and miles, were outside of us, often very close. Several times when we had to go quite far out to get around

Loading the Whaleboat.

At the Helm in the Whaleboat.

shoals and ice grounded at the ends of capes, we got into this heavy ice and had quite a job to get out of it.

The grounded ice along the shore, and milling along in the tide rips, was very interesting and really beautiful, though it made navigation hard and dangerous. Every point and shoal which stuck out into the water had piles of the big ice chunks heaped up along them, standing up like little white mountains at low tide. Many were twenty to fifty feet high, and big ones perhaps a hundred feet and more long. The water had worn them into queer shapes of all kinds. Many looked a lot like huge mushrooms.

That first night at apparently nearly low tide we tied up to a grounded berg and turned in, with Dad on watch. It just wasn't possible to get in to shore. We were in a sort of "harbor" made by shoals with ice grounded on them.

Dad took soundings by sticking down an oar

every once in a while. He couldn't touch bottom and it seemed sure the tide was rising. But it wasn't. At about two in the morning—we'd turned in about eleven, I guess—we were all called out to help push the boat off the rocks. The tide had left us flat. In a matter of just a few minutes the boat had tailed around on its painter and grounded and the water had dropped. The ice had fallen nearly thirty feet, we judged.

We were grounded very close to the big berg to which we had tied up. It was perched up just ahead of us, flat on the same rocks which held the whaleboat. Just as we realized there was nothing to do but wait for the water to come back and float us, with a roar a great chunk of the berg broke off. Later Barney roughly measured the dimensions of the hunks of ice which crashed down on the rocks and in the shallow pools of water about us. He estimated they weighed fifty tons.

Not so pleasant if we had been a bit closer! As it was, several smaller bits, say as big as a bucket, splintered down on the bow right around us.

I was standing up on the engine house and without any hesitation I fell flat down so as not to be knocked overboard. It made a lot of noise and certainly scared me.

As we went north the land grew flatter and flatter until it was so level that at low tide we could see pieces of ice stranded nearly a mile inshore from the lowtide line.

The next day we found a place where at high tide we actually could get ashore. That wasn't anything but a low line of rocks, at the highest rising about twenty feet above high tide.

At one camp we could see back probably thirty miles or more, all flat rocks and low marshes, before the land seemed to rise at all. At this place there was a small cleft in the rocky shoreline, a sort of little canyon, filled

by the high tide. We ran the boat in to that, where she was pretty well protected. At low water she grounded snugly on a flat sandy place which didn't hurt her. At first we were pretty particular and a bit worried about grounding, but later we got about as used to it as to being afloat. Two men always slept on board in case anything happened.

Already we were nearly a hundred miles from the place we left the *Morrissey*. I forgot to say that we left a big "cache" at the point where we started, Cape Dorchester. Food and gasolene enough to get us from there back to Cape Dorset in case anything went wrong with the vessel. On the whaleboat when we started we carried 130 gallons of gasolene, and made about five miles to the gallon, I think.

It seems to me that every time it got too wet and windy we would go ashore. Once we went into a little channel which was just about twenty-five feet wide. When the tide

went out it left the boat high and dry when we could get all the things landed without getting wet or using the small boat. At that camp, as it actually did not rain, we had our first night's real sleep since leaving the *Morrissey*. And we started the night right with a dandy meal of ducks, hardtack, tea and pemmican, which tasted about as fine as anything could. It's a long time from breakfast to supper when you are on the move, with only a handout of perhaps hardtack, raisins and chocolate during the day. Two big meals a day are really about right, although you feel like eating six.

Pemmican, you know, is a concentrated food made of beef and suet and raisins and bacon. It's all squashed together and hard, put up in tins. It looks a bit like a sort of dirty maple sugar or hard plum pudding and it certainly "sticks to your ribs." Peary always used it and most explorers do when weight means a lot and you have to get a lot of food value out of a few pounds. I believe

a pound of pemmican a day and some tea and perhaps a cracker will keep a man going first rate.

Ours was very fine pemmican. It was put up by Armours and given to our Greenland expedition last year. Larry Gould used some of it last summer too on the University of Michigan's expedition to the Greenland Ice Cap, and liked it. Anyway, having along a couple of boxes of the pemmican tins is a pretty nice insurance against going hungry.

Before we left that camp we built two big cairns of stones on the top of the nearest "hill" which was a little ridge of rock a few feet above the general level. In the top of it we stuck two empty gasolene tins, and we found them mighty easy to recognize at a distance when we came back some weeks later. In the lower tin we put a message telling what we were doing, when we left, and in what direction. That just in case something happened and someone should try to find us. However,

we always felt pretty sure we could manage to walk back if the boat got in trouble. The only really hard thing about that would have been the long bays and inlets which stuck away up inland. They would have meant long detours to get around them.

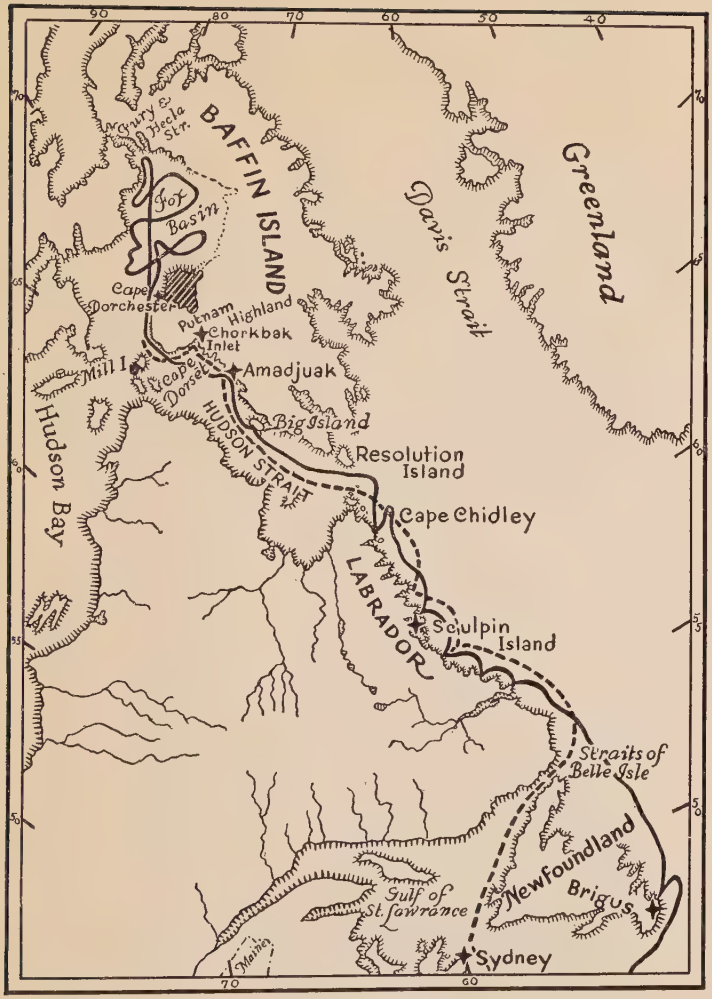
Larry and Barney got an observation there, the first we had been able to make for a long time. There had been no sun really since the time we reached Mill Island. On a vessel you find your position with an instrument called a sextant if there is sun. On shore you use a transit and other instruments. But you can't do a thing unless you can see the sun. Or the stars at night; they are even better, Larry says. All this is called "taking an observation." I don't understand it, because you have to know a good deal of mathematics, but some day I'd like to be able to do it myself.

Anyway, with the instruments they found out just where that camp actually was. And

with the little portable radio receiving set we had along, Barney at noon got a time signal from Washington. That's to check up the chronometer, or very fine clock that we had with us. The exact time, down to a second, is necessary to get an observation right.

All hands were pretty puzzled. Larry's work showed that we actually were at a point which on the chart was perhaps eighty miles inland from the salt water. We were taking the whaleboat overland!

Something was wrong. At first they had all sorts of worries about their observations, thinking perhaps something was out of kilter. But later they got some perfect observations at night with the stars, and it all checked up absolutely. And then they began to realize that the map was crazy. Later on, when it was all worked out, we found that the beginning of the trouble was that Cape Dorchester, where we left the *Morrissey*, was down on the map about sixty miles further north than it



The solid black line shows the north-bound route of the *Morrissey*; the dotted line the homeward voyage. The shaded portion was formerly shown on maps as a part of Baffin Island; the expedition found this actually is not land, but a part of Fox Basin.

A "Growler" Stranded on the Fore-shore. Whaleboat Anchored in Distance.

Where we Landed at "Cleft-Rock Camp."

should have been. And the coast line we were following had been drawn in, I guess, entirely on imagination or perhaps reports of Eskimos. Instead of curving up to the northeast as the chart showed it, it actually went almost straight east, or a little south of east, for a hundred miles or so.

The result of it all was that before we got through we cut off of Baffin Island over 5000 square miles of "land" which had shown on the map. The new map won't be worked out until we get back, but it will show an oblong of land about sixty miles north-and-south by about a hundred miles long, all cut off the north part of Foxland as it has been shown on the charts. There's a map to explain all this facing page 106.

CHAPTER IX

FOX LAND CARIBOU

THE next night, I think, was about as bad as it could be. We were able to get the boat off only at high water, so in the evening at high tide, the weather looking pretty good, we shoved off.

At once the barometer began to drop. Usually at that time of year there are only about three hours of real night, or dark dusk, say from eleven until two o'clock, and not so black but that you can manage to see a bit. But this night it got downright dark, with

black clouds and rain and wind which blew a gale toward morning.

The coast was so low we couldn't see it. But with the wind blowing off shore, and lots of ice further out somewhere in the blackness, we didn't dare get out far and risk being blown into the ice or far out to sea if the motor went bad.

So at last we crept up between what seemed to be two long capes, sticking out like fingers with ice grounded along their under-water shoals even at high tide. At least we could see the ice in the blackness. We took soundings all the time. For a long way the lead showed an almost absolutely flat bottom, about three fathoms or 18 feet, getting shoaler toward where we knew the land was, and toward the capes on each side.

So we anchored. My, but it was cold and disagreeable! Three of the men and myself tried to get some sleep under the canvas cover. Three could crowd in beside each other. But

more was really too many. I curled up in the very bow. My feet were very wet and cold. Finally, while Dad was there, I stuck them down about into his stomach, as the Eskimos do, which helped a lot and things were a bit better.

The rain drove in and everything was very damp and cold. The temperature was thirty-three. Poor old Avalisha curled up like a good-natured setter crosswise beside the engine. Eskimos seem able to sleep anywhere, any time and in any position.

On "deck" it was worse. All hands were soaked. And finally the boat's bottom began to pound. The tide had dropped another 18 feet. Altogether, I suppose, the fall was about 30 feet. It was mud, so there wouldn't have been any harm, only it wouldn't have been pleasant to be stranded for too long away out there from a shore we couldn't see, with shoals all about, raining and a gale blowing.

Then the tide started in, and the wind

Two Views of the Whaleboat as the Tide Receded—An Hour Later there was no Water for Miles Around.

A Dry Resting Place a Few Inches Above the Marshy Level of Blue Goose Prairie.

dropped. Soon we started and managed to boil up some water on the primus stove and have some fine George Washington coffee, which you can make right in the cup.

Another time when it got very rough we turned in toward shore and found a fine protected little harbor. It blew very hard and rained to beat the band. In the middle of the night Barney got up to fix the boat and went down to it in his bare feet, walking right in the ice water to prop her up.

The next day was the second one when we did not have rain. Things began to look better. The coast for the next ten miles or so, after we rounded a long, low point (that's what the whole shore line is—"long, low points" with the accent on the "low") got a bit higher. Away inland we could see quite some hills. We had fun naming "mountains" near the shore. Often they may have been fifty feet high!

We landed at a shingly little beach between two knobs of granite rock. Outside was a

reef, giving pretty good protection. It stopped raining and the next day the sun actually came out! But that first night was a soaker. Dad and I in our little tent slept pretty wet. Funny how well you can sleep, right next to wet rock, in wet blankets with your head or feet—or both—in puddles! And you really feel fine. One trick is to be sure that your wet socks are tucked in close to you under the blankets, so that they dry out. Shoes and an outer pair of socks are about all you take off. One nice thing about it is that you never seem to catch cold or get sick, if you are away from civilization.

At this camp Avalisha saw "tookto tummies," or caribou tracks, which of course raised our hopes for good meat. Right after breakfast he and I set out to get fresh meat for the camp. It was pretty bad going. Where there wasn't rock there was spongy moss, or grass like seaweed on water, every other step over our boots.

We saw plenty of caribou tracks and sign but we didn't have any luck until the middle of the morning. After climbing one rocky mound after another and looking with Avalisha's spy-glass far away over the flat country we spied three caribou about a mile and a half ahead.

The wind was blowing from them to us, in just the right direction. So we didn't have to change our course at all. When we got within a quarter of a mile we stopped and waited to see in what direction they were moving.

Finally they seemed to get a little frightened, even though they could not see us and probably could not smell us at all. They started off on a fast trot across the marshy plain. We noticed that one of them had a kind of hobble and later we found out that it had been wounded before.

It was pretty discouraging at times because just there there were not rocks or anything to hide behind. We waited until they had

crossed over a ridge and then ran all the way to head them off until we came to a stream and could find no ford. Finally we got across, ford or no ford, good and wet. When we got to the top of the ridge the caribou were gone. I don't believe that ever before I was so disappointed as right there.

I told Avalisha to climb up on a rock and take a look while I went off in another direction. When I say "told him" I don't mean I talked much. He has about ten words of English, although he really understands more, and I know perhaps fifty Eskimo words. With these and signs and I guess some grunting we get along finely. I like Eskimos a lot and Avalisha himself is a dandy—good-natured, willing and awfully good at his job. He and I are great friends and seem to like about the same sort of things.

While I was scouting around I shot a ptarmigan and was just looking up to see where Avalisha had gone when I saw him

Pope and Weymouth on the Lookout for Caribou.

Avalisha (with a Mosquito Headnet), a Caribou Head and David.

standing on a rock beckoning me to come.

I ran as hard as I could. When I got to the rock I saw him creeping out in the middle of another swamp. Ahead of him I also saw the caribou, two lying down on the other side of a little island of rocks and another grazing away. I followed the Eskimo's example and moved forward very slowly and down low in the wet grass.

Every time Mr. Caribou looked up I would stop dead in my tracks and get as close to the ground as possible. After sneaking ahead this way for about twenty minutes we were within two hundred yards of them. I sighted my gun and put a cartridge in the chamber and waited for the nearest one to stand up. They were very restless and apparently saw us, but didn't seem sure what it was all about.

I knew they would try to make sure before they ran off, so I just took careful aim and when the animal stood up I fired. He came down with a thud and with a hurried second

shot I finished him. Avalisha brought his down dead with one shot—Eskimos don't waste much ammunition.

Meanwhile the remaining one was making off and I could not bring it down although I fired a good many shots. Finally I landed two hits, the second a fatal one in the head.

As soon as Avalisha and I skinned the three caribou—he knew just exactly how to do it, and so I got him to give me a few hints—we had our lunch of chocolate and pemmican. Then we started back to camp.

It certainly seemed to me we had a heavy load, although Avalisha carried the bigger part. I took two skins, two strips of meat taken from the length of the back, a head with antlers and my rifle and ammunition and a quarter. We got back about seven in the evening, pretty tired and mighty hungry.

CHAPTER X

BACK-PACKING

THE next day at Caribou Camp Dad and I rowed out to a rocky island near by where we saw a lot of ducks. The ducks in this region seemed very scary and were hard to get at. This time we got so that the tide would drift us down on them, and in this way got pretty close and managed to bag three fine fat Eiders to add to the larder.

At noon the next day we started on. After crossing a large bay which was not on the map at all we got close to a little rocky island where there were hundreds of gulls and ducks. We were just dodging around a reef and wondering how best to go after the ducks when

bump—bump—bump—! we were on the rocks. The falling tide had left us well caught in a great mess of shoals.

In ten minutes we were high and dry—the way the tide falls is wonderful to see. And in half an hour we could see what had been the ocean's bottom for a couple of miles in two directions. Suddenly it was like a new country, with rocky hills and valleys, and seaweed and kelp instead of grass, and little rivers and pools of salt water.

The boat perched up on a ledge, where it was about impossible to prop her up level. It was evening, so we got out the primus stoves and made supper on the rocks and fooled around and took some pictures which ought to be very funny. Then I laid out my caribou skins on the rocks that a couple of hours before had been five feet under water and rigged up an affair that was supposed to take the place of a bed.

The others fixed up sleeping "quarters"

On the Trail from Bowman Bay.

A Camp on the Rocks of Fox Land.

Some of the Fossils from "Putnam Highlands."

here and there. Larry stayed up, I think, making observations of the stars. Certainly someone had to stay awake, because about one o'clock the tide came rushing in quite as fast as it had fallen. In twenty minutes our "beds" were under water again, we were all in the whale boat and it was floating. There couldn't be much stranger navigation than this.

As we worked north the ice became very bad, and finally we had to turn back after a couple of pretty close calls when the boat was almost caught in heavy pack. It was pretty scary to see the big bergs plowing through the lighter stuff—they called them "Arctic steamboats"—and the ice all crunching up together as the currents swirled it about. With the low shores and shoals and ice and tides it was about as nasty a place to try to get along in with a boat that you could imagine.

Whenever we wanted water we'd stop alongside some berg with a pool on it, and

Avalisha would get a pailful. It proved good and fresh, and not spoiled by salt spray.

At a place where Dad and Larry wanted to go ashore we let the boat ground on the mud perhaps a mile out from the shore, as the tide left her. Then they walked in through the mud, pretty sticky hard going. They found the land absolutely flat, with nothing whatever to see for miles and miles inland—just a great plain of mud and gravel and grass with boulders scattered about it. They did see fairly recent bear tracks and many geese.

The great big bay which we had put on the map, where the shore swung furthest east and south from Cape Dorchester, we named Bowman Bay, for Dr. Isaiah Bowman, director of the American Geographical Society. The camp at the head of that bay was called Camp Walcott, for Dad's friend Mr. Frederic C. Walcott, and was the best we had anywhere. It really wasn't far from Caribou Camp, and was our first stop going back.

When the tide went out there was a little lake of salt water left just in front of the camp, protected by tide flats and reefs. We anchored the boat there and pitched our two small tents on a well-protected beach, close to where a fine stream came down in a tiny waterfall from the rocks above. So at least we had running cold water!

Coming back as we crossed Bowman Bay we saw interesting looking table lands far inland to the south. We decided to stop at Camp Walcott a while and walk inland to these hills, which looked like western mesas, and seemed to be the only highlands in all this territory.

Five of us went on that back-packing trip. Larry and Dad, John, Avalisha and I. My load was about thirty-five pounds. I carried my sleeping bag, some food and my rifle. It was pretty hard work, as the going was really awfully hard most of the time with rocks, swamps and ponds. Lots of

times we had to go back and start around a different way where water headed us off.

The first night we had burglars. A ptarmigan and some ducks were laid out on a rock right near where we slept. When we woke up they were gone. Pretty soon, as we ate breakfast, we saw the thief. He was a weasel and he came back for more plunder. He didn't seem a bit afraid of us and actually came within three feet of me. It's a small long, low reddish-brown animal, very pretty and very quick. I believe in the winter they turn white.

This one was much too quick for us. We chased him all over and threw any number of stones at him, but even though we got right on top of him the weasel always managed to dodge and he seemed able to move faster than the stones fired at him. Later at other camps we saw more and they always let us play tag with them, but were never caught.

On this trip we took no tent. Now, away

John Himself in Pope Canyon, Where They Found the Fossils.

"Things Sure Tasted Good."

back at Sculpin Island we saw affairs which we thought were graves, but on this trip I think I discovered what they really are. That is, just Eskimo sleeping places in the open.

It was fun to see Avalisha make one and to help him. Then I learned how myself and always rigged one up. He would build up four walls of rocks, so that it looked exactly like a grave—just big enough to hold him when he lay down flat on his back. The walls, about three feet high perhaps, were chinked with moss, and moss was laid thick on the floor for a mattress. Often a big flat stone was laid over the top, at the head end, as a protection from rain and dew for your head. With a caribou skin under you and perhaps another stretched over the top to act as a tent, it made a pretty snug house and seemed just about as warm as a regular tent. Apparently these Eskimo, who move about all the time and don't have much in the way of regu-

lar homes, make these tiny little camp-tupiks all the time.

We had trouble with our little "Juwel" cooking contrivance. It sprang aleak and proved useless, and so was abandoned, rather to Avalisha's grief. But at that he didn't want to pack it along. After that we used moss for fuel, in Eskimo style, with some Sterno to help out, as we had brought along a few cans, which helped a lot.

The second day was worse than any other. We set out across what looked like a plain but which we found to be pretty nearly a huge swamp. We estimated it was about twenty miles square. It made mighty hard walking with grass and water up to your knees. For about a day we struggled along, with every now and then a bit of good going where there was an "island" a few inches above the general level and pretty dry.

On one real island, where there were rocks sticking up far out in the middle of the grass

lands, we found a blind where old-time Eskimos had hunted caribou. From this mound we saw geese in all directions, both flying and feeding.

In the late afternoon we gave up trying to get directly across the prairie and made in to the rocky shore on the right and found a good camp site there. We were wet and tired and hungry.

Out on this sort of a trip it's wonderful how good the simplest things taste and how you come to value little bits of things when you are far away from places to get more. When you pack sugar on your back an extra teaspoonful seems quite a treat for your coffee. I remember that day on the marsh Dad dug out an unexpected package of gum he'd kept tucked away. And that piece he gave me went great and lasted about three days.

But the huskies are the people who make the most of what they get. I guess they have to. It's a hard country and they get mighty

little. For instance, when you give Avalisha a match he doesn't use it. The first thing he does is to split it, and thus make two matches out of one. First he digs out a needle from a little sealskin bag in which he carries his treasures, like his spyglass, some string, a knife and the like. With this needle he splits the match head very carefully and then, either with the needle or a knife, he'll split the wood part of the match. I never saw him break one. I've tried, and can manage to split only about one match out of three with any success.

And even when he has his matches, two for one, old Avalisha doesn't waste them. If there is sun shining, he takes out his spy glass and unscrews the lens from the end. He then uses this as a sun glass, focussing the sun on the tobacco in his pipe until he gets a light. And when he has smoked down a cigarette he always puts the butt end in his pipe and gets the last puff out of it. And

On the Trail with Avalisha.

Larry Making an Observation with John Recording.

then when we killed caribou he always took care to get the sinews for use as thread. The whole life of the husky is so near starvation that every tiny thing for food or other use becomes mighty important to him and nothing at all ever is wasted.

The third day the others left their gear at camp and started out for the mesas, then twelve miles or so away, leaving Avalisha and me to get some meat, if we could. The very first thing, just as we were getting up, Larry saw two caribou out on the prairie. They were about a mile off, but they saw or smelt us and soon made far off. It was pretty nearly impossible to stalk them out on the flats.

After walking three miles or more and seeing no caribou Avalisha and I decided to try for the geese, though we knew how very hard it is to get up on them. We located a bunch less than a mile out and after stalking them for half an hour we came to a river

which we couldn't cross. On the way back while we were resting a weasel came right up to us. Then we went back to camp, ate lunch and looked around for the best chance for the afternoon.

Geese again, this time over in the direction of the highlands. Finally we got a chance to creep up on a small bunch near a lake. It was discouraging, for after an hour's creeping, just about as I got in decent range, they saw me and disappeared.

Finally, with a big bunch, Avalisha went around one way and took three shots. When he did this he started to run right at them. The geese had a good many young who apparently could not fly. So the old ones herded the bunch along, away from Avalisha and toward me.

When I thought the right time had come I charged out of my hole and ran as fast as I could in the swamp toward them. When the geese found out they had enemies on both

sides they seemed to get rattled and stood still for a moment.

We both opened up with our rifles at the bunch at about 120 yards and brought down four. When I picked mine up I saw that they were young and looked very blue.

Now, there is a great deal of interest in the Blue Goose. No one has known where the Blue Goose nests and I believe outside of captivity no one ever has found eggs or nest or captured young. I sure was tickled to think that perhaps I had been lucky enough to get a real Blue Goose, and a young one. And certainly we saw thousands of them on the prairie, which we named "Blue Goose Prairie." We took the skin of one back to the *Morrissey* and compared it with pictures and records there, and it seems pretty sure that it is a Blue Goose. So at least we know one big summering ground of these birds.

[PUBLISHERS' NOTE: The skin of the goose David speaks of was brought back to New

York and at once submitted to Dr. Frank M. Chapman, the great ornithological authority of the American Museum of Natural History. Dr. Chapman wrote:

"Your bird is a Blue Goose passing from the downy plumage in which it was born to the juvenal or first flight plumage. It was obviously, therefore, taken on or in the vicinity of its nesting place and consequently marks the discovery of a spot in which this species breeds. I congratulate you!"

So David actually killed the first young Blue Goose of record and the expedition has discovered an important breeding ground. We believe the following paragraphs will be interesting to the readers of David's book. They are taken from the publication "Life Histories of North American Wild Fowl" by Arthur Cleveland Bent (Smithsonian Institution Bulletin No. 130):

"The blue goose is one of the few North American birds which we know only as a

migrant and a winter resident and within the narrowest limits. It has generally been regarded as a rare species, but it is really astonishingly abundant within the narrow confines of its winter home on the coast of Louisiana. Its apparent rarity is due to the fact that on its migrations to and from this favorite resort it seldom straggles far from its direct route to and from its unknown breeding range. To find the breeding resorts of the blue goose is one of the most alluring of the unsolved problems in American ornithology. It is really surprising that such a large and conspicuous species, which is numerically so abundant, can disappear so completely during the breeding season.

"Numerous records from various observers indicate a heavy spring migration northward through the Mississippi Valley and over the Great Lakes to James Bay and Hudson Bay, but beyond there the species vanishes com-

pletely. No one knows where the blue goose goes to spend the summer and none of the numerous Arctic explorers have ever found its breeding grounds."]

CHAPTER XI

BACK TO DORCHESTER

A FEW minutes after we got back to camp with the geese the other three came in. When I asked why they seemed so tired they grinned and Dad took out a handful of fine fossils.

Up in those hills or mesas they had come upon a wonderful fossil deposit. Indeed, they said the limestone rocks in many places were just full of fossils. Most of the best they brought back were what Larry told me were cephalopods, which lived in the Silurian age of 300 million years ago or thereabout.

Larry had his knapsack full and packed it all the way back to the whaleboat, another thirty miles. That day they had walked

twenty, mostly with good heavy loads of fossils. They named the high country "Putnam Highland" and the biggest hill "Gould Mesa," and one of the big canyons "Pope Canyon." In that canyon the fossils were particularly thick and they said they could have gathered any quantity only there was not much time and they had no way to carry them.

Going back to Camp Walcott we gave up swimming in the swamp and followed the rocky shore along back to the edge of the bay. All of what is now swamp or prairie used to be the bottom of the bay, Larry says. It was very interesting to see the many old beaches, with regular beach sand and round pebbles, now raised up far above the present level of the water. Some hundreds or thousands of years ago they all were at the edge of the sea, at one time or another. This Fox Land shore has been rising pretty steadily for a long time.

Hauling up the Whaleboat at Dorchester.

Building the Shelter at Cape Dorchester.

When we got back to camp that fifth night we had a big feast. Each person was allowed two hardtack, butter and jam and about all the fried caribou steak you could eat. But I reckon nothing really tasted better than the fried young goose meat. That, and snipe, are hard to beat. And caribou steak is about right, too!

Larry wanted to finish his observations and mapping of the bay, and measure the tide so we stayed another day. George and Barney, who had stayed with the boat, went out hunting and killed two more caribou. They had quite a time skinning the animals, as neither ever had done it before. The meat was mighty welcome and we lived high. I think caribou meat is about the best meat I have ever eaten.

We left the next morning on the rising tide, which connected up our anchorage lake with the bay. We hadn't been going an hour when we saw a kililua, or white whale up ahead.

We followed it for a while but did not get a shot as I guess the sound of the engine scared it.

Next was a big bearded seal, and Avalisha put a bullet right in his head. We charged up to put the harpoon in before the body sank. Avalisha made a good throw, but the harpoon point turned and right under us the big seal sank. It sure was hard luck after such a fine shot.

We had two pretty good days and made a lot of progress, mapping as we went. One night we went ashore and camped on a raised beach. It rained that night. And then the second evening we came to the long low point on the other side of which was the cache. We had one last exciting time getting around that point, as the tide was running out at a great rate and we nearly got caught on shoals.

Just about dusk we got back to the beach at Cape Dorchester and it was a great relief

to see our cairn with its flag of bright colored "Everfast" cloth we'd fastened in it, and to find our cache all right.

You see, coming along all the points looked pretty well alike. And fully a day before we really got there, fifty miles or more away, a couple of us were quite sure we should be seeing Dorchester most any minute. We had kept a careful record of hours run by the engine and gas used, and at the end this tallied almost exactly.

We found a new tin can at the cache with a note to Dad from Captain Bartlett saying that they had been back to the Cape, and had left again only five days ago. It was quite like getting mail at a post office! The *Morrissey* had run aground in a fog and got leaking a bit. They brought her back to Dorset where they knew there was a good anchorage and straightened things up and then started out again to try to get to Fury and Hecla Strait and perhaps find the Spicer Islands on the way.

These are islands in Fox Basin that have been reported seen, but have never been visited.

Avalisha and I started inland the next morning in the hope of finding caribou, but the country was pretty bad and soon a heavy wind began to blow and thick fog came in. When we got back to camp we found the others had brought the whaleboat up on the beach, as the glass was dropping and the wind rising and it looked like a big storm.

It was lucky they beached the boat, for a storm started right then and lasted for six days. If we had not returned just when we did we would have had serious trouble down the coast, and probably been held up for a long time. The wind blew right off the water, and directly in the mouth of the open harbor, so a big sea and surf was kicked up in no time at all, and at high tide we had to look after the boat pretty carefully.

At midnight the next high tide came, and we were all turned out. My, it was cold! This

At the "Cook-Shack," Cape Dorchester.

When the Tide Went out at Camp Walcott. Drying out Bedding and Gear on the Beach.

tide came in higher than the one before, and the gale was piling in big seas. It was all we could do to hold the boat bow-end on the beach, so that she would not turn broadside to the seas. If that happened likely she would keel over, perhaps get stove in and pretty surely fill up with water.

As we tugged to get her further in, even a few inches, about every other wave would break over the stern. We rigged up guy lines from the stern ashore on both sides, to help keep her in place. Just as the tide began to drop, and the danger just then was over, she got around broadside and took in quite a bit of water.

The next day at low water, after we had caught up a bit on sleep, we dug the keel out of the sand and pushed the boat around into proper position again. That was a job, for she is a heavy boat. They rigged up oars, and got the mast under her as a sort of roller, and used oars as prys.

Then the wind, which continued to blow a gale, mostly with rain, began to bring the ice in from the north and west. First we could see it far out, practically on the horizon. Then in a few hours, by supper time, the floes and pans were right up on the shore, and were almost solid in the bay. The whole look of things changed almost in a few minutes. And the nearness of that ice, with the wind blowing off it and on us, made it a lot colder. And there was rain or fog, and plenty of wind, all the time. I don't believe those seven days at Cape Dorchester could have been much more disagreeable so far as weather was concerned.

We rigged up a sort of kitchen place, where our cache was, beside a little cliff. I got a sail and an old tarp and with the help of Avalisha we got oars and rigged up a pretty good wind break. We piled up what boxes we had, food and gasolene, and built a rock wall around one side. From that wall to the

top of the low cliff we put oars and then spread the sail and tarp on them. It wasn't very lovely to look at, but it did break the wind and helped to keep the rain and cold out. The thing reminded me a lot of our shipwreck camp in Greenland last summer when we had all the food and supplies on shore because we expected to see the good old *Morrissey* crack up on the rocks where she had struck off Northumberland island. We seem to be able to count on a certain amount of trouble most any year!

One of those stormy afternoons Dad shot a mess of snipe. Of course they are only about as big as a minute but they certainly taste good. You can either pick them and then singe off the little feathers that are left, or skin them entirely. The frying pan with some bacon and bacon fat does the rest, and the little birds are so tender you can eat them all, crunching up the bones and the rest of them in about four decent mouthfuls.

That same day John and Larry put in a long

walk after caribou, but without luck. The country was no good for game until you got back perhaps a dozen miles. We were really out on the end of a long point, with nothing but rocks and ponds and beaches, no place at all for game.

It was cold that week at Cape Dorchester. Every night there was ice on the puddles around camp, and ice formed even on the pail of water in the cook shack. Avalisha had built a snug "house" of his own, with rocks and an old bit of sail. Then George and I got busy and did the same. We were very exclusive and made our residence away "uptown." We called it a coöperative ownership apartment, that seemed to be all the rage.

We collected a lot of fine rocks and moss and made a good wall parallel to a natural rock wall. We then put a long whaleboat oar over the length of the roof and covered that with the spray hood. It was about eight feet long, and four feet wide and three and a half feet

high. After all the chinks had been packed with moss it was really quite warm. And at night we became very luxurious and burned a can of Sterno inside, which made it heat up finely. The others, in the tents, also used Sterno to get a bit of heat and dry things out. It's great stuff.

Just about the time we finished our new home a regular flood of rain came. That was during the afternoon, when we all were huddled in the cook place. When Avalisha went to his house, which was snuggled down in a low cleft in the rocks, the place was six inches under water. He was quite drowned out. His one caribou skin was soaking.

So George and I took him in. It was a bit crowded, but we managed all right. The extra person made things warmer. Anyway, Dad jokes and says either I smell like an Eskimo or an Eskimo smells like me. What with caribou skins and huskie clothing and all the rest of it, and baths that come pretty few

and far between, you do get a bit untidy, I'll admit.

After the deluge Avalisha and I set out and shot some more snipe and three ducks. On the beach we found the skeleton of a white whale. He said a bear had probably killed it. There were loads of fox and bird tracks around it where they had come to feed on the left-overs.

Down near the end of the point was an interesting thing that looked like a big cairn. It actually was a round, hollow cone, built of good sized flat rocks laid carefully one on the other, their inner sides sloping toward the center, so that the top was narrow and the base broad. It was about eight feet high and about the same diameter at the bottom, narrowing to a couple of feet in width at the top.

At first I thought it might have been some sort of a blind for hunting, but Avalisha explained that it was a place in which the huskies put live foxes they had trapped that

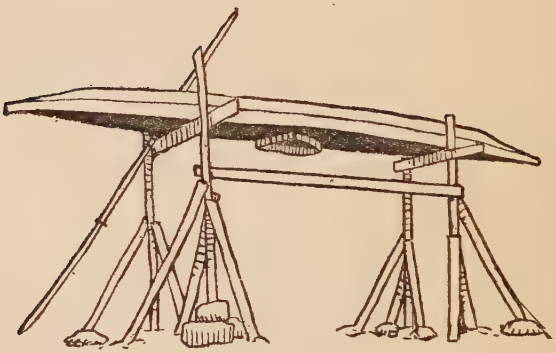
didn't have good fur. The animal was put in there, where he could not get out, and there he was fed until he fattened up and his fur got into good condition.

On the seventh day we walked down to the point to have a look for the *Morrissey*, which should come from that direction. Avalisha had put away his glass and already had started back. I took one last hard look. If the vessel did not turn up that day we had decided to start for Cape Dorset in the whale-boat the next morning, and already had begun to get ready to float her at the next high tide.

As I looked a little black thing appeared on the horizon. I gave a yell and called Avalisha back, with his glass. With it I could see the sails. It was the *Morrissey*, sure enough and you bet it looked good!

The Eskimo was just as happy and excited as I was. We both yelled and danced about. I fired my gun off. Then we set out on a run

for camp. By the time we reached there my feet were pretty sore, for I had hardly noticed how the sharp shaly rock cut into the soft kamiks, or Eskimo boots, I was wearing.



CHAPTER XII

AT CHORKBAK INLET

THE *Morrissey* had had a pretty exciting time. During all the month we had been away on the whaleboat trip she had been cruising around Fox Basin, except for the few days when she came back to Cape Dorchester to fix up a bit after going aground.

They came mighty near losing her that time, we found out. It happened in a thick fog, not far from Cape Dorset. She struck, and then the tide rip carried her into worse trouble. It was really great luck that they got off. Cap'n Bob can get out of most kinds of trouble with a ship.

Then they went back north again and that time got all the way to Fury and Hecla Straits,

up in the northwest corner of Fox Basin. Only two vessels ever were there before, the *Fury* and the *Hecla*, back in 1822. They were English exploring vessels trying to find a Northwest Passage, and were commanded by Captain Parry and Captain Lyons. Because heavy gales came down on them—the same gales which made things so unpleasant for us—they did not actually get into the Straits, although the Skipper said they seemed to be pretty clear of ice just then.

The *Morrissey* did a lot of interesting oceanographic work in Fox Basin, where none ever has been done before. This means dredging, making soundings, observing tides and currents and getting specimens of plankton from the surface with nets. This is for the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences.

Also they saw a great number of walrus. They shot about half a dozen, I think, and some seal. Anyway, they had plenty of meat on board. Also Kellermann got some fine walrus pictures.

The *Morrissey* Beached for Repairs in Chorkbak Inlet.

Pope.

Bird.

Peary.

Barnard.

It seemed pretty luxurious being back on the old *Morrissey*. Compared to the whaleboat she was like the *Leviathan*. And how good the bunks were, all dry and warm, and actually with mattresses! Bill's grub, from the galley, also went well. But I suppose the nicest thing when you get back from any kind of a trip really is to get cleaned up. We had hot water all around, and a turn at the wash tub. We needed it, too.

And later on Bob Peary treated some of us to haircuts. There are a fine lot of beards on board now. Larry has about the prize one. There is a good deal to Dad's, but it's sort of uneven. Will Bartlett looks awfully different in his. I guess they will all come off before we get home.

The next morning when a heavy fog had cleared up a bit, we started south toward Cape Dorset. It took us a couple of days to get there, thanks to fog. It's pretty hard picking a way along this coast, with nothing to guide

you, and currents and ice to make trouble. It was late at night when we finally did reach Dorset, but even at that Cap'n Bob took her in, with Joe as pilot, in the black dark. I think the folks ashore were a bit surprised.

Early in the morning we went ashore and found Don and Doc and Fred. They had lived quite comfortably in their tent for the six weeks or so we had been gone. Mr. and Mrs. Ewing had been very nice to them, and I think they had lived high on fresh bread and lots of things handed out from the Hudson Bay Company house. They even had their laundry done by a husky. Talk about luxury!

Anyway, Don was able to get a fairly good collection of the things he wanted for the Museum of the American Indian, like Eskimo clothes and implements and archeological stuff from the old houses; and Doc did a great deal of work getting medical data about the Eskimos. In all he got at about 150, I think, and made many interesting tests and the like.

Fred didn't have such good luck getting specimens for the American Museum, because the hunting did not work out well. But at that he brought back a good lot of stuff.

On the way back along the Strait we wanted to stop at Chorkbak Inlet. It is a deep bay or fjord, about half way between Dorset and Amadjuak, and the biggest indentation on the northern shore of Hudson Strait. Very little is known about it. Bob Flaherty, who spent a year up here some years ago, told Dad the Eskimos told tall stories about the Inlet; how it really went inland far further than the map showed, that it used to be used as a route for getting across country to Fox Basin, and that now it was very seldom visited because of the bad tides and currents and whirlpools.

Well, we arranged with Joe, the Eskimo, to go on with us from Dorset. He expected to meet some other Dorset Eskimos along the coast and come back with them. Avalisha had never been to Chorkbak. So Joe showed

us the way, and it was pretty hard to find, because the actual mouth of the Inlet was hidden away back among many islands. A regular fringe of islands borders all this part of the north shore of the Strait, even though from Dorset to Chorkbak they are not much shown on the chart. There must be hundreds of them.

When we finally reached Chorkbak the whaleboat went inland to the head of the fjord. Actually, they found there were two heads, because away up it branched out like the top of the letter Y. The tides were bad enough, but nothing like we had found up on the west coast.

I stayed on board to go hunting with Avalisha. We walked a long way looking for "kishigiaks" or rovers, a kind of seal that lives in the inland lakes. They go away up to the head of a fjord and then work from one lake to another through the tide water rivers and streams, as I understand it.

Kellermann and His Camera, with George at the Helm.

Deric and David Try a Game of Chess.

We crept upon two that were asleep near the edge of a lake and got to about thirty yards from one. Avalisha shot, and the bullet apparently hit the seal at the back or top of the neck and glanced off. Anyway, it did not seem to hurt him and he jumped into the water and swam off. On the way back to the boat I shot at two hare, and missed them both. Bad hunting!

The next morning the *Morrissey* was put ashore to have a look at the propeller shaft, and to see how the bottom looked after going ashore that last time in Fox Basin. She was leaking quite a bit, but this year that was a cinch so far as work for us was concerned, as the power pump took care of it finely.

In getting her up on the rather rocky beach something went wrong. I think an unexpected rock poked up on one side and made trouble. Anyway, she went about all the way over with the lee rail entirely under water so that boards on deck floated off. We measured

the angle which was 38 degrees. We had to bail out the main cabin continuously as all the water from the bilge came forward. The three lower bunks on the starboard side went entirely under and a good many things were ruined and others soaked, as we did not have time to get things out.

Once as I walked under the skylight, through which they were hoisting out the water, I was hit on the head with a pail that accidentally was dropped down from the deck. Doc fixed that up.

Don, Barney and I went out seal hunting in the launch and had loads of fun with a bunch of ducks. We chased them around in a regular game of tag, but only having a poor twenty-two with us (our good gun was broken while we were away on the whaleboat trip) we only managed to get two. We saw only one seal, going down the Inlet. Later, trying our luck "upstream," I shot an ugsuk or bearded seal.

The morning before we beached the *Morrissey* I saw a hare in near the beach, and went in the canoe and shot at it five times. But when I finished shooting the hare was still looking at me and seemed to enjoy the show. Then, sort of disgusted, I went back to the boat and got Don and Avalisha. They told me this time I could have one shot and no more. And sure enough, the very first shot hit the hare. And the next day Deric went out and shot one with Don's 30.06.

CHAPTER XIII

GOOD-BYE TO AVALISHA

THEN we moved on to Amadjuak, further toward the mouth of Hudson Strait. That, you remember, was Avalisha's home and Kavaou had to go there too because he had been able to find no huskies from Dorset along the coast, as he had expected. At Amadjuak arrangements were made for getting him back to Dorset.

Anyway, as we got near Amadjuak the two huskies began packing up their treasures.

The night before we arrived everyone came in and gave them odds and ends, some of them perhaps not very valuable to us but fine to make the huskies happy. They got old pants, sweaters, shirts, knives, mirrors, needles for their wives, a hat and a razor, socks and other things. It was like Christmas with a little kid who wasn't used to having much and suddenly had a lot of luck. They were so happy they could hardly talk.

Old Kavaou was a bit gloomy about not finding the Eskimos to take him back, but he cheered up a lot. He was a mighty fine man. One evening I asked him to draw a kayak on a tusk for me. He grinned and took the tusk and said he would make a kayak for me. About two nights later he had finished the whole outfit, carved beautifully, the little boat about eight inches long and the rest of it in proportion. There was a harpoon, lance, gaff, float, spear, a rack to coil the line in and even a tiny man holding the paddle. It's

wonderful what they can do with a knife and a bit of a file.

When we arrived outside of Amadjuak we loaded up the whaleboat and the two Eskimos got their things. Avalisha's most precious possessions were his new rifle, with lots of ammunition, and a Victrola with records. I went in, and altogther there were seven of us who made the trip.

The first thing ashore that Avalisha did was to go up and see his family. He had a great time. Every time he changed a new record on his Victrola he would reach in his bag and pull out something new that had been given him, to show the others. And there was the nicest big grin on his face.

I found out that his wife had a new youngster. It wasn't really hers. She had exchanged it, or borrowed it, from another woman. These Eskimos often do this, we found. They swop children all the time. When one woman has too many, or another

David Shows Avalisha His Remington "22."

Not a Grave! Avalisha in the Sleeping Quarters He Constructed at Each Camping Place.

really wants one, they just fix it up. And they are awfully good to their children and seem to take quite as much interest in a borrowed child as in their own.

I remember watching how nice Avalisha was to the tiny little boy his wife had taken in. The kid kept awake as long as he could, while they were enjoying the Victrola and looking at the things. Then, when he keeled over and suddenly went quite to sleep, Avalisha took off his "stone" pants and little caribou shirt and tucked him under the caribou skins where they all were sleeping that night.

About everyone around came in to hear Avalisha and Kavaou tell about the new country they had been in. And then the younger ones started a dance in the little bare room of the extra house which is kept at Amadjuak for Eskimos or anyone who comes into the post. The light was one lantern and the music was an accordion played by a girl.

I couldn't understand all they said, of

course, but I got some of it. Old Avalisha, I guess, spun some great yarns about the geese we saw, and Kavaou about the walrus up near Fury and Hecla Straits. It was funny how once in a while Avalisha would explain something about the geese, or what we did on the whaleboat trip, and then ask me to tell about it, too. As if he rather wanted me to "O.K." his stories.

Altogether, we had a great time. And I was very sorry to go, when it came time to start back to the *Morrissey* a little after midnight. We wanted to get under way at dawn. I said good-bye to Avalisha on the beach, and gave him a last box of tobacco.

He was the best Eskimo I ever saw and I liked him a lot. There just couldn't be a better person to go out with in this country up north. In fact, I don't think anything could be more fun than to be allowed to spend a winter with Avalisha, living right with the Eskimos and really learning how they get

along, how to build a snow house and to hunt and all the rest of it. Perhaps some day that will be possible.

You know, they are a very gentle, kind people, these Eskimos, and if they like you there is nothing they won't do for you. I really thought of Avalisha as a very good friend and I'd like some day to be able to do something for him. Anyway, when this that I am writing becomes a little book I certainly am going to send him a copy. It ought to reach him next summer, when the Hudson Bay Company steamer goes up to Amadjuak. Of course he won't be able to read it, but I'll bet he gets a kick out of the pictures. And also we will send him the photographs we took on the trip that are likely to interest him.

And that really about ended the expedition. Of course it was a long way home. About 1500 miles to Sydney, I guess—a long, long sail along the coast of Labrador. Much of it was very rough and pretty slow going. We

were delayed a lot by head winds and heavy seas.

But at last, on October first, we got to Sydney. And there the summer actually ended for me, as I took the train and hurried back to school.

And at Sydney I found a fine surprise. It —that is, she—came all the way up to meet us, Dad and me.

That was just like Mother.

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Deric, of Mesa Verde, just David's age, was also one of the party, and both boys had a great time.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, ***Publishers,*** **New York**

PUTNAMS BOYS' BOOKS BY BOYS

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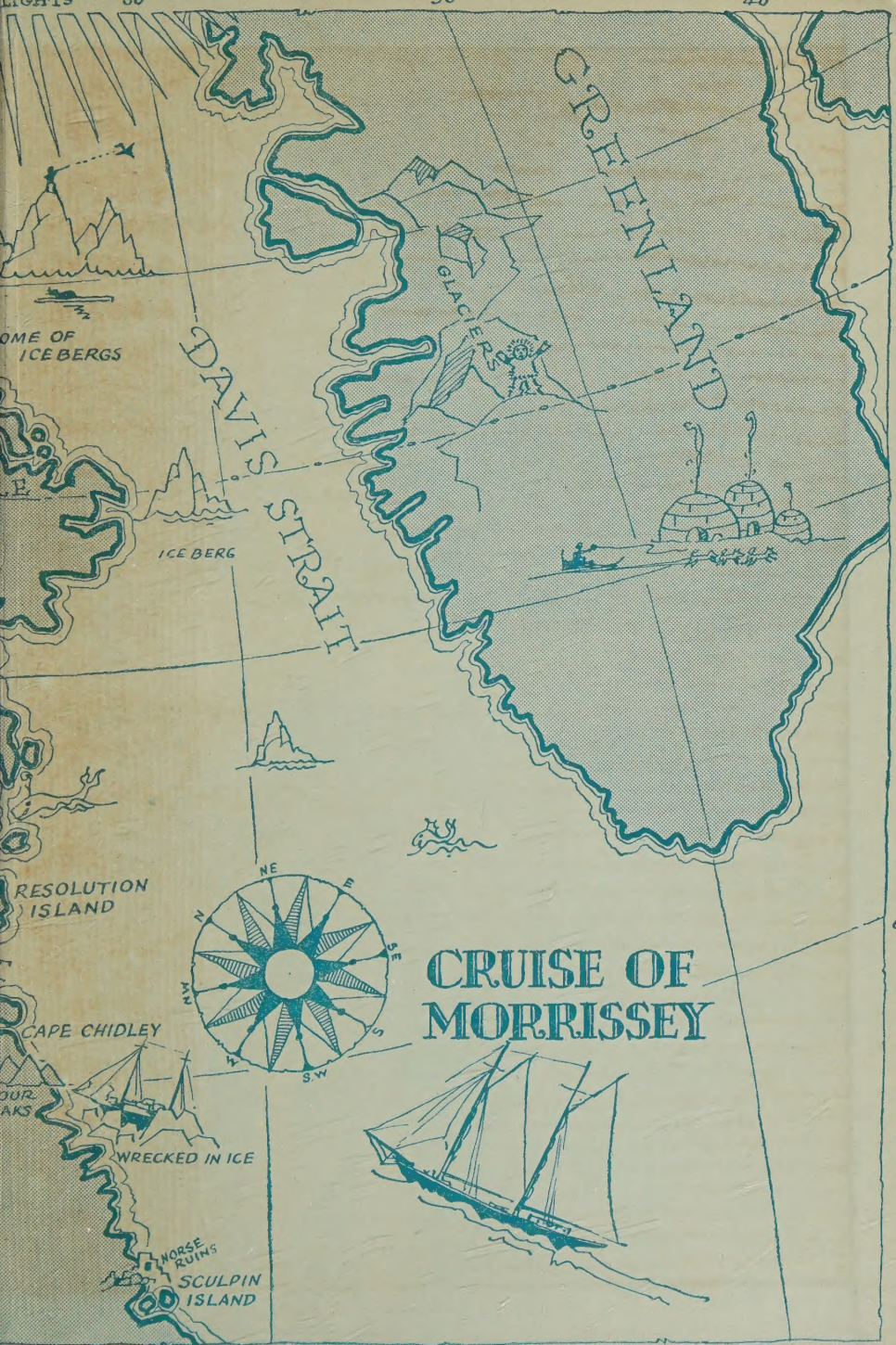
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